

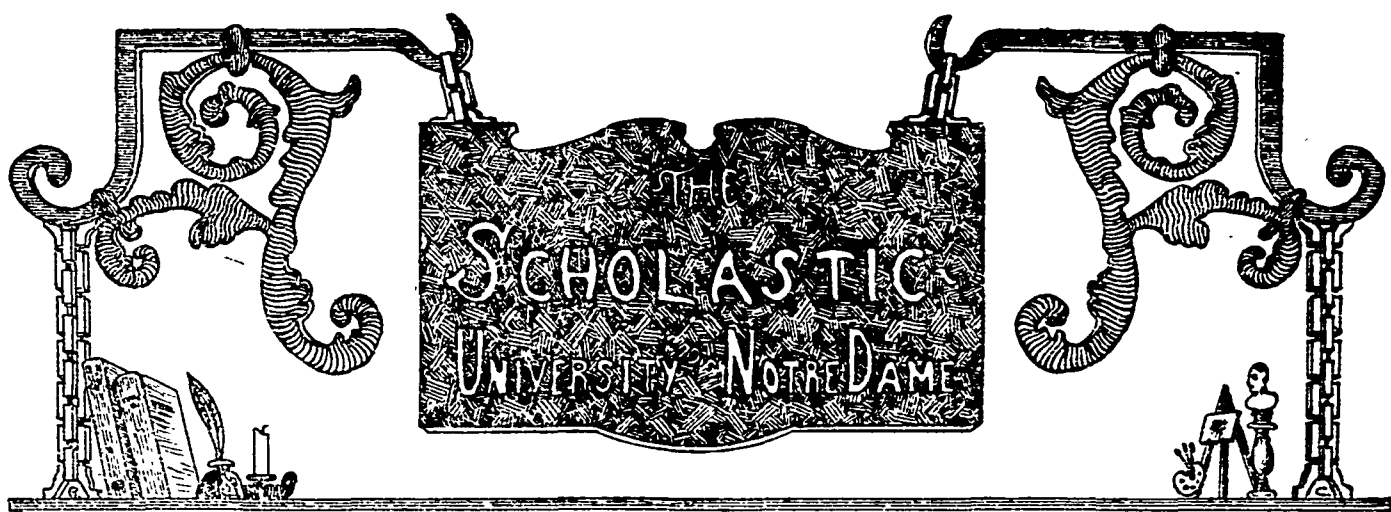
*The world's a stage, and yet its exits are
To roads whose dust is gilded by the Sun;
So here, where crashes many a stave and bar,
The mind to beauty's arms may gayly run.*

The Notre Dame Scholastic

JANUARY, 1924.

CONTENTS.

Getting Out Early	259
Christian Optimism..... <i>Gerald Holland</i>	260
It Is (<i>A Sketch</i>)	<i>A. F.</i> 262
Acting the Activity-ite	<i>A Reforming Activity-ite</i> 265
The Humbler Song (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>J. Leslie</i> 268
The Headstone (<i>A Story</i>)	<i>J. A. Breig</i> 269
The Old Man Speaks (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>E. T. Lyons</i> 272
Full Honors (<i>A Sketch</i>)	<i>Robert B. Riordan</i> 273
The Passing Years (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>J. C. Ryan</i> 274
In a Canadian Cabin	<i>R. E. Lightfoot</i> 275
The Beloved Initials	<i>John Brennan</i> 276
Give Us Men	<i>Harry W. Flannery</i> 278
Mystery (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>J. C. Patrick</i> 281
"Like a Thief" (<i>A Story</i>)	<i>James Armstrong</i> 282
For Us to Remember	<i>J. C. Ryan</i> 284
The Lookoutman (<i>A Poem</i>)	<i>H. A. M.</i> 285
A Liberal Education	<i>Rev. Charles C. Miltner</i> 286
<hr/>	
Editorials—Vanishing Culture; Peace and Publicity; More Stiflers; This Preparation; That Old, Old Clock	291
Lunar Log—December Summary; Debates and the Teams; Vacation Vacuum; Mark Nolan—Breen Medalist; Modifying the Curriculum	295
Reviews	306
Education Elsewhere	312
Joust in Jest	313
What's What in Athletics—The Season's All-Americans; Election of Notre Dame Football Captains; The Basketball Season; Schedule of Football of Football	314



GETTING OUT EARLY.

AN OLD-FASHIONED gentleman—there are still a few of them left, here and there—was trying to account for his success in life, as compared with what had been accomplished by a large number of men who had started on the same line. He laughed at the idea of superior talent. Why, he asserted with a twinkle, Billy Jones and a dozen other lads had brains enough to make me look like a cracker in a salt-barrel. Likewise he scorned the theory of luck. Never was such a worthless person as himself when it came to getting something for nothing. But there was a reason and a very good reason for his achievement of a noble and worthy career. As a boy he had lived on a farm, over which were scattered vagrant and exasperating patches of Canada thistles. Every morning at five his father thumped a heavy fist on his son's door with an imperious order to get out and make a bee-line for the patch. When a certain number of the noxious weeds had been discarded in triumph, breakfast came and then school. After the day's lessons were over, more thistles had to be pounced upon. 'And gosh,' the old gentleman concluded, 'durned if I don't believe it was Canada this-

tles made me! The trouble with Billy Jones was, they never had a chance at him.'

The philosophy of the thistle, as here outlined, may not be altogether complete. But certainly a most important aspect of it is getting out early. Life has no room for the person who waits until it has gone half-way down the road before he buttons up his suspenders. And life, in spite of a certain handful of details, has to do also with the college man. This college man is often an individual who imagines that he has been given four years bonus in bed—that he is to be stuffed intellectually with a kind of mental breakfast, while his chief trouble is eating when his appetite for the food is none too keen. Fundamentally of course, every college man realizes that this fancy is a delusion. He knows that life has begun for him in earnest the day he crosses a campus. Then and there he has dedicated himself to a career which demands much and is surrounded with keen and resolute competition. In a certain sense, even his college chums and companions are his competitors—the men shoulder to shoulder with whom he will have to earn success.

A new year has started. What resolution could be at once more worth while and more natural than the determination to get out early?

CHRISTIAN OPTIMISM.

GERALD HOLLAND.



IN THE austere beauty of your Buddhas, the massive solemnity of your pyramids, the terrible glory of your Wodan and Thor, and the aesthetic simplicity of your Parthenon, tell me, old pagans, will you find the spiritual gradeur of our Gothic cathedrals, the heavenly tenderness of our Madonnas, and the divine heroism of our Christ?

Tell me, old pagans, of the splendor of your days and I shall match them with glories as splendid and more divine. The cold majesty of your Olympian Zeus would quail before awesome words that seem to have been frozen on the lips of the Vatican Moses by Michelangelo. The cold chastity of your Diana would wonder at the inspiring virginity of our St. Cecilia. Your frivolous goddess, Aphrodite, would bow, chagrined, before our Mother of Love; your Vestals' goddess would forsake her altars at the knowledge of our Virgin.

Compare the solid splendor of Karnak, the mysterious shadows of oak grove Druid cathedrals, the intricate beauty of Indian temples, the massive altars of the Yucatan and Mesopotamia, the curious symmetries of Chinese pagodas, and the restful grace of Grecian temples with these grave Gothic cathedrals, and tell me in which the earth's Creator should rest. Note the slim, spiritual lines, topped by a cross that pierces the heaven with its symbol of high hope, the ogreish gargoyles spouting rain and a terrible warning of hell, the graceful strength of its buttresses, and all on a massive structure, signifying the solidity of its

creed. Then go inside and bathe yourself in its mystic shadows, and see the small, flickering candles hopefully try to light the nave, then turn their minute brilliance and see the great multi-colored pathway of our Lord come through the flaming colors of the rose windows. Yours be the staid solemnity of your pagan temples, but give me those mysterious harmonies of curves and symbols raised cruciform to God. Beauty may whisper in your ears and make you pray, but the awful truth of the majesty of God will overpower you in those great houses raised to the Lord.

Noble beauty you have, old pagans, in your Grecian statues, tragedies and Homeric poems; delicate beauty you have in your Japanese porcelains, paintings, poems and No plays; and virile beauty you possess in the Norse sagas, but can you match the ascetic spirituality of our Early Renaissance, or the exultant spirituality of its later painters, the grandeur of the Gregorian, and the splendid humanity of the medieval ballads and Shakespearean plays?

Where in all the stories of your gods will you find one as simple, as tragic, as the Life of Christ? A Divine Being who took the form of man, lived with man, and showed him how to live, suffered for man because He loved him so, living as a carpenter and dying as a thief, to remove the curse that God had placed on man.

There is a difference between us, old pagans, for, though you have beauty in your creations, that none but the blind could miss, there is something you lack, something that you have omitted. It has always seemed that you did not have our optimism, that your artists could not be

THE SCHOLASTIC

optimists. Not the vanishing optimism of a mood, but an optimism that lived within you for a lifetime.

You, Grecian pagans, with your dim Elysian Fields: you, Norse, with your Twilight of the Gods; you, Buddhists, with your strivings for eternal nothingness; and all of you old pagans, where in all your after-deaths is there a chance for optimism? You have Beauty, but in lacking Trust you failed in the perfect fulfillment of your arts. We have not fulfilled ours yet, but we can view our own, and our children's future, optimistically, we can hope.

You beautify the things you touch, but we seek to beatify them, and I think, old pagans, that we approximate more closely the truly beautiful. You, carefully carving Greeks, have given your statues bodies, but we have sought to give them souls. Save for the all-loving Christ of that mysterious and poetic Trinity of our faith, we show our God only through symbols, and Christ is only pictured through his humanity, which is the perfection of manhood. It is through God's creations that we try to show His justice and mercy. Our art is a prayer, for there is something for which to pray, and our praying desires to awaken others into prayer.

Optimism is ours, old pagans, and because you lacked it, you failed. Yours were empty gods, too selfish to be gods; they would not let down golden stairs from heaven to you. Ours is a God to Fear and to Love; a God of stern and delicate ways. It is His Will that we should share his splendor forever. He has not willed us your sensual, dim or blank eternities of days, but a perpetual award

of His embracing love. He is a God of Love, and we are optimistic; He is a God of Fear, but we must walk into the hell he built with our own feet.

Today we have young pagans, so they call themselves, but where you had your gods, they have none. These young men flaunt our morals, arts, and God, and cry for freedom. And for this freedom what have they given us—nothing to what you gave, who had your gods.

They would show life as it is, they say; they would reproduce without a thought of what lies in the things they paint. They, too, make only bodies, but you gave to yours the semblance of life by making those who looked on hope that the thing could live. Their object has no life—no hope of life—no soul.

We would be free, they say, and rip the rules to pieces. Then they build discordant things and call them art. Queer daubs of paint become a painting, and an ill-matching of their clever phrases makes a poem. Their statues are but badly molded things, and all of this is backed by a weird fancy, called philosophy by them.

They take our art as an old dress, too thin to wear, or out of fashion, and, believing that it can be remade or mended, go make themselves a bizarre gown of strident colors. These young pagans seeing the dying glory of the sunset, turn in despair to the night, forgetting the stars and that tomorrow will bring another dawn.

Hope, Christian optimism, that sees that everything brings some eventual good, is what built our art, what would have made you greater, than us, old pagans, and what alone can save you, younger pagans.

IT IS.

A. F.

A MAN of volume he was, soft-appearing and oily of voice. He sprained his ankle in a fall (he said) and so appeared where the broken is mended and the bent made straight.

"I'm a contractor. Putting up an office building over town. Took a bad fall. Yep. And here I am. Fix me up quick so I can get back with the men." And this he said breezily, like a man who, when he says to men come, they come, and when he says go, they disperse immediately.

So he was X-rayed and bandaged and roomed in a room where the moths do not gather, and set away in a soft bed which rises or falls with the turn of a handle. It was a bright, meditative place from which one noticed a stretch of lawn sloping to the front. Might not one spend a dozen happy days there bearing the grief of a sprained ankle? One might.

"I am worried about the men. Must get in touch with the men somehow. Wonder if I could have a private 'phone in here?" No, the telephone company could not do that.

"Too bad!"

There were phones in the building, many. Could not one be made serviceable?

"You see it's this way, Lady. There are private matters between the superintendent and myself. You know. Can't be gone over in a general 'phone. Besides, there is this ankle. Can't get to a 'phone, see?" Silence followed. Then compromise.

"Of course, if I can't have the service of a private 'phone here in the

room, you might get me a private nurse to take messages back and forth."

This was sober second thought. It meant a willingness to enter the council chambers for discussion and readjustment. If one cannot have what one wants, may be one can have the next best.

And Next Best arrived the following morning.

She was a slim, prim, quiet person in white, her dark hair showing below the spotless bit of laundry symbolic of her craft. Also, the gray sweater she wore—it is autumn and the leaves going to saffron—somehow blended with the restrained surroundings. Why a private telephone? Indeed not.

The days passed as softly as a cat over a velvet carpet. Why not? Three services of food on a shining tray at set hours, the morning papers, the illustrated magazines. Should one think the world all gray from where one lies on one's back and a well bandaged ankle mending? Hardly.

The patient returned to normalcy with leisured dignity. He sat up in bed; he was promoted to the wheel chair; then he went abroad in the quiet, autumnal weather supported on a crutch. He showed no signs of hurry to mix with the men who mix the mortar. The food was well cooked and abundant, the daily papers carried stories of football encounters on eastern and mid-western fields; the magazines were tastefully illustrated and rich in local color; and Next Best was a well-mannered, sympathetic listener.

"Do you like motoring?" Of course.

"Well, now. I'm certainly glad to

THE SCHOLASTIC

know that. I'll have my chauffeur come and take you out some afternoon for a few hours. You'll enjoy it." Surely.

"And when my wife gets here from Chicago, may be you'd like to have dinner with us at the hotel?"

Indeed.

Then came a visitor, who was also a friend, one afternoon when showers came in a gray slant out of the northwest. The convalescent was sitting up and dressed.

"Well, Ovid, and how is every little bit of you?"

Every little bit of Ovid was doing nicely, thanks.

"Good, good. 'Spect to be out tomorrow, eh?" That was the calculation.

"Work is going on all right. But we need you, Ovid."

"Yep, I guess I must get out and have that million dollar beauty under roof by New Year." The sick man yawned, stretched himself and looked at his visitor. Then he laughed outright.

Next Best came in carrying a tray that held an egg-nog without spurs.

"My partner," nodded the sick man by way of introduction.

Next Best acknowledged the salute.

"Well, Ovid, hope to see you back. Don't be in a hurry, though. We'll try to keep the organization going. Once you build up an organization you must hold it together, Lady."

Next Best thought so, being appealed to.

The partner betook himself out very quietly, surreptitiously lifting his chaste eyebrows at the convalescent who sat and sipped.

"You have been very good to me, young lady, and I certainly won't for-

get you." Then the patient put his disengaged hand into the inside pocket of his waistcoat. Perhaps he was debating whether or not he should slip a twenty to Next Best over and above union wages. The debate lasted one minute and eight seconds, the decision going to the negative.

Toward evening he said to the commander-in-chief,

"Now, Lady, you folks have been mighty nice to me, and I feel I owe you something over and above regular charges. I'd like to do something, I really would. You know, something in my line."

Visions of a well equipped operating room, a nurses' home, a laundry, a medical school marched across the skyline in the order named. But discretion is the better part of valor. One might grasp at too much and lose all. So the gentleman, to whom sending a bridge across the Mississippi at a single bound was as easy as kicking over an empty ash-can, was asked to erect a suitable storm-porch over the west entrance to the out-patient department. The request was granted with an easy grace. It was late Wednesday then, sunless and silent. Thursday morning, Next Best was called to the telephone. A physician wanted her to serve on a very critical accident case at the south end of the city. She felt the gentleman who could build a cathedral during a week end would be able to carry on without her services. She accepted the call and went to her patient's room to announce her decision and receive the amount due—plus.

The room window was open and a chill wind blew in. The bed clothing was thrown back, for the man who could outbuild the pyramids was al-

THE SCHOLASTIC

ready up. Taking his morning bath, perhaps? Or may be in the sun-porch? Like as not in some patient's room? It would seem not. There were signs that became suspicions, suspicions that merged into certainties. Thus that sweater which the prim person left on the back of the rocker was gone; also a wrist watch, value \$60.00; and a purse containing \$17.40 that was placed in the bureau drawer for safe keeping. Incidentally a new blanket, very warm and very fluffy, two unused pieces of perfumed soap, two towels and a small satchel were among the missing. A small rug, the hardwood floor and the bathtub were left; also a box of matches and the windowsill on which it lay.

Next Best gazed upon the ruin and smiled pensively. It is better so. What says Marcus Aurelius about bearing calamity, *aequo animo*? Or was it Cicero? Probably you don't know either. She waved a mental good bye to her worldly goods and picked up a surviving whiskbroom.

"It could be worse," she mused.

It could.

She went to the meditative person sitting behind the grating who makes a note of the cash-on-hand and keeps a modest eye on outgoing traffic. To her she told the brief tale, stripped of all atmosphere and local color. The meditative person was amazed. Very much.

"And he is gone?"

"Yes, I think he is gone."

"But he hasn't settled his account."

"Mine neither."

"And I cashed a check for him last night for twenty-five dollars."

"And he took my wrist watch, value \$60.00; my sweater, value \$12.00; my purse with \$17.40.

Let us figure it up." The woman who signs the checks took pencil and pad and set down the items.

Cashed check	\$25.00
Cash	17.40
Wrist watch	60.00
Sweater	12.00
Other items	20.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$134.40

"Correct," declared Next Best as if in triumph.

"I think he's very dishonest," said the lady with the pad, referring to the absentee. "Besides, there is hospital service which we have not set down at all."

"No, nor the attendance of a special nurse," suggested Next Best.

"But I thought he was a contractor putting up a big building."

"I don't think he is. I think he makes more money this way," declared Next Best who felt chilly.

"I certainly never suspected, not for a moment" mused the woman behind the grating as she again summed up the items.

"It's a wicked, wicked world we're living in, isn't it?"

"It is."

THE SCHOLASTIC

ACTING THE ACTIVITY ACT.

By A Reforming Activite.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

—Macbeth.

MEN often spend a great part of their lives trying to correct bad habits which they acquired in youth. Some college students, too, develop in their freshman year many foolish, wasteful, and unprofitable customs which they practice during most of their remaining university days at a sacrifice of valuable intellect builders—such as, reading, studying, and so forth; and like these men, they endeavor to overcome the habits when it is really too late to do so.

To be candid, I shall state that I am one of these individuals—one who, as a result of forming one of these habits, has been more or less engaged in the pursuit of many things other than a proper education. And until just recently I have been unaware of its fruitlessness. So that I may more clearly present my arguments, I shall be compelled to make this dissertation my "Apologia Pro Vita Sua." If the frequent use of the personal pronoun "I" becomes in any way annoying I wish to apologize.

Many months before I was graduated from high school, I began to formulate my ideas of college life. In my imagination I beheld the scholarly-like walls of the university within which hundreds of students labored diligently into the early hours of dawn. I scented the erudite atmosphere which hung like a shroud over

the campus, and which everyone necessarily inhaled and assimilated. I pictured myself buried in a sunken easy-chair browsing through the pages of Plato, Shakespeare, Emerson, Milton, Newman, Bacon, Thompson, and others; and in that solitude of my study I became permeated with inspirations which matured in profound essays and philosophical treatises. I visualized myself completely isolated from the distracting labyrinthean paths of the world and devoted only to the task of laying a rigid mental foundation upon which I constructed my future castle of understanding.

And then when the day finally arrived, and I stepped for the first time from the Hill Street car, with my travelling bags clinched in my fists, I walked presumptuously towards the hall where I was to room throughout my Freshman year. During the next four tumultuous days, in the hubbub of excitement that prevails always at the beginning of the school year, I met many of the fellows who were to remain my loyal and devoted friends. Gradually, as the novelty of acquainting myself with new surroundings and meeting the new men faded away, I began to delve earnestly into the serious study and research work that I had outlined for myself while still in high school.

My progress in this respect for the first few months was decidedly noticeable, at least apparently so to myself. I felt that I had breathed in some of the intellectual university atmosphere for which I had been longing. Assured of it by my own convictions, I resolved to continue my studying.

At this period in my early college life, I became peculiarly entranced by

THE SCHOLASTIC

something which had attracted (or shall I say distracted) me in high school, but which I hoped would not entice me while in college. It was the desire to participate in all sorts of student activities. Activities—such as, striving to make a publication board, competing to make the athletic and debating teams, and attending meetings to become active in some club or clubs. I did not disparage the benefits I could derive from such commingling with my fellowmen; but through experience I feared the fascinating elements of such participation because, when so engaged, I had always been encouraged to seek out more activities than I could properly handle without injuring my studies. At the very outset, then, I enlisted all of my strength and fought courageously against the impelling force which urged me on; and I conquered. Again I recalled that while in high school activities had occupied too much of the time I should have devoted to study, and I became firmer than ever in my resolve to remain practically inactive. Time and time again the alluring temptation arose and annoyed me, as an evil action committed will molest the conscience of the guilty man. And each time I endeavored to overpower it. Then it triumphed over me; and in proportion as I succumbed to it, I took part in more activities, neglecting my pursuit of knowledge.

To-day, after playing the participant role for two years, I begin to realize that with me activities have become a costly habit which I must stop. Costly only in the sense that they have been depriving me of valuable time which I should have devoted

to my class work. And now before it is too late, I wanted to make amends.

This resolute change, however, was not decided upon without considerable reflection. An education is intended primarily to shape and strengthen one's character. And I have always been of the opinion that activities, other than those of class work, are essential to this character development, especially at such an institution as Notre Dame. In fact, I was practically convinced that activities were as necessary to a college youth as his night rest and his daily meals. But centered in that conviction is where I discovered my great difficulty had lain hidden in not determining for myself when I had participated in a sufficient number of activities.

At Notre Dame, unlike some universities, there is no law compelling the restriction of activities, and the student himself is left to decide when he has had enough. He is supposed to know when the scale of studies and activities is properly balanced and then leave some of the work to be distributed among the other fellows who are equally, if not more capable than he. Unfortunately this often is not the case. Those who find themselves heavily burdened with activity work heap on more and more (or are the victims of those who heap it on them) and seem not to know where to stop. It may be that they become greedy for the opportunity to become exceedingly prominent, and thus they lend their services to as many various activities as they can achieve prominence in; or it may be that they forget the exact reasons why they are attending college and keep on participating until they are lost in the swirl

THE SCHOLASTIC

of numberless heated activities.

As I look back now, I compare myself with the ambitious (and I dare say greedy) amateur fisherman who rowed out into the lake to try his luck. Instead of fishing with one, or at the most two lines, he fished with a dozen which he fastened to the side of the boat. He got twelve bites all at one time, and the maddened fish, tugging at the lines, capsized the boat and drowned the diletante angler.

It is unquestionable that one who participates in activities receives a practical training which he could not obtain from his theoretic studies. And that activities to some extent develop moral character, increase the sense of responsibility, teach better coöperation (maybe because of mercenary reasons,) help to utilize recreation hours, enlarge the realms of friendship, and probably do many other things, I do not deny. It would be ridiculous to do so. But the question simply is this: Do activity achievements compensate one sufficiently for the valuable study time lost while so engaged? I do not believe they do when everything is taken into consideration, because most of the practical training which one would acquire during four activity years at college, could easily be received in a few months after he has been awarded his diploma. It must be remembered that after graduation a student is not living in an environment which would naturally encourage him to continue his studies. The chief difficulty is that the activities become so alluring they spur the individual blindly on, as they have done to me, until he begins to regard participation in them, and not securing an education, as his primary pur-

pose for attending the university. By neglecting to devote the proper amount of time to study while in school he is doing an injustice not only to himself, but to his parents who are financing his educational efforts and his Alma Mater that glories in and profits by his future success.

I have insinuated that the individual is not always to blame if he becomes a prominent factor in student activities. He usually is an over-ambitious creature, and his fellowmen in their desire to assure themselves that something is accomplished, place him in charge. He really is made the unfortunate victim of circumstances then, and in his zealousness he accepts the appointments. Plainly, he is at fault not because he is considered as the logical man, but because he accepts the offer if he is already taxed with numerous activity duties. And that is where I have erred. I did not realize until just recently that I was trying to handle more than that for which I had the capacity. Neither was I aware of the injustice I was doing first to others by preventing an equal distribution of the work and the honors; and secondly, to myself by substituting too many activities for studies. It was simply an innocent case of bland blindness.

In this realization then I intend to make amends before it is too late. And if one should ask the question why I simply do not go ahead and do it without advertising it in such a disjunctive discourse as this, I would add the pensive epigram of the sage: "We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves."

THE SCHOLASTIC

THE HUMBLER SONG.

J. LESLIE.

'VE sung a journeying out to sea,
That men might listen unto me.
Not loud, the foaming cataracts breaking,
In sounding symphonies and waking
The ancient silences from cavèd sleep.

Home songs I've sung and mother love,
The unturned earth, the fields above
Dim valleys where the daisies pale
Hear the enraptured nightingale:
And some have taken root in hearts and keep.

The bogman in this meek estate
I've tried to make articulate.
God does not give to all the right
To stand with prophets on the height,
And hear the thunderings of mighty days.

Farm echoes I have tried to catch,
The unsung loves below the thatch,
And drifting talk of seaweed man,
I have fashioned into simple rann;
Or followed peasant folk down lowly ways.

The griefs that press the sad of heart,
The noises of the village mart,
The misty dreams that never reach
Up to the mountain heights of speech:
Themes of the lowly in a minor key.

You who career where planets throng
Be kind to unpretentious song.
God's voice is in the April rain
As well as in the hurricane
That toys with fleets that march along the sea.

THE HEADSTONE.

J. A. BREIG.

AT THE junction where two smaller streams unite to form the River, the City, topped only by the great hills that hem it in, raises its proud head.

The City is greedy. It shelters in its bosom the high and the low without favoritism; it knows no class or race distinctions. But it exacts much; it shuts off the sunshine from millions; it demands of them labor—hard labor. Even nature, in whose breast the City has cut an unsightly gash, seems to shun it. The River, winding through its heart, is murky and sluggish; the hills that encircle it are barren and slide-gashed. The acid smoke that belches from a thousand huge furnaces has stripped the hills naked, so that they stand out starkly.

Set high above the muck of the City, on the very summit of a blackened slope, stands a little, weather-beaten church, with a cemetery beside it. Here, every Sunday, come the millworkers with their wives and children to hear mass. And here, in the shadow of the mill-smoke from below, lie the bodies of the men who have died down there that the world might have steel. Far beneath the River flows, flanked on either side by the mills.

Corton climbed slowly up the path that labored drunkenly from the little group of pitiful shanties by the water's edge. There was no wind, and the blazing sun seemed all the fiercer for the black smoke-screen that the mills vomited across it. Corton, as he toiled upward, thought of the war

that had born these mills, and of the peace that needed them as badly.

When he opened the little door of the chapel, the cool interior was very refreshing. He was loath to leave, but at last he went outside and turned to the quiet cemetery. He stepped reverently among the graves—graves of martyrs, every one of them—sacrifices to the god steel. He examined them closely and then he saw one that had no headstone—only a slab of what looked like rough volcanic slag.

Corton looked carefully, and saw, with wonder, that it bore the imprint of a small foot—of a woman's slipper. He bent down—and a voice spoke behind him.

"You are interested?"

Corton turned round.

A man stood before him clad in the long black gown of a monk, his hood drawn over his head. He was young—perhaps thirty, Corton thought, noting the powerful hands and heavy frame.

"Yes," he answered, "interested, and perhaps a little—curious."

The monk's eyes searched Corton's, and seemed to find there what they sought.

"There is a story. If you will sit down you'll have a chance to hear it."

They seated themselves on the brow of the hill, looking down to where the mills labored and growled.

"It is not much of a story, of course."

"There never was a better man than Big Terry McKensie. It was said of him that he was the most trusted man who had ever worked in the mills. And every Sunday he would come up here to mass, bringing his two motherless boys with him—as fine a pair of boys, too, as you

THE SCHOLASTIC

could find anywhere—Terry, the oldest, and Mickey, seven years younger.

"If Big Terry had a fault, it was that he was over-generous. Thus it was, that when he died suddenly, he left young Terry nothing but his own Scotch-Irish lovability, and the care of Mickey. Mickey must be kept in school till he finished high, at least, so Terry went to work in the mills down there."

The monk pointed, and Corton nodded, absorbed.

"Terry was taken on as a laborer. If you know steel you know what that means."

Corton nodded. He knew. The thirteen-hour shifts, the stifling heat, the filth, the acrid, burning, man-killing dust. He knew it well.

"Terry stuck—I think he had good stuff in him—and in time he was transferred to the open-hearth. Here the heat was terrific, but there was no dust."

Corton nodded again.

"There was the inevitable struggle to get used to the heat, but before long there came a time when Terry could go up to the white-hot maw of the furnace and feed it manganese with the best of them. He came to revel in his power over this monster, and he always thrilled when the heat was poured, and the furnace gave up its liquid steel to be molded into ingots. He liked to watch the huge ladle fill up with its fifty tons of molten flame, and then run over, the white-hot metal trickling in a hundred fiery rivulets to the slag-pit below. He always admired the men who, when a crust had formed, dropped down into the pit to cut holds in the slag for the crane's huge pincers. Perhaps it was not so dangerous, but

there have been cases—but of course you know."

"Yes," said Corton. He had once seen a heavy piece of steel from a passing crane hurtle down and pierce a crust while there was yet water on it; he had seen the water rush in and form steam, and he had seen the altered landscape when the explosion was done.

The monk continued.

"It was while Terry was still on the open-hearth that he met the Girl. She came down one night to see the mills, along with the superintendent, her father. She came up to him as he peered through his blue goggles at the flames of number six, and she seemed very desirable to Terry. He did not know how dangerously desirable she really was, although even then she seemed to exert some strange power over him. He let her look through his blue goggles into the flames of six, and when she asked for a keepsake, he allowed her to keep the goggles, well though he knew the danger of working without them.

"He got by with nothing more serious than a splitting headache, but it put him in a live humor. Old John, the most beloved man on the open hearth, spoke kindly to him later: 'Sit tight, lad, and be glad that ye got nothing worse than a headache. Sure, I've heard none too well of her. She's not for the likes of ye.'"

Terry answered him rudely, sick as he was with the pain in his eyes: "Mind your own business, old man, and don't be meddling with me." He was sorry later, when he remembered the hurt in the old man's eyes, and he made an attempt to apologize. Old John would have none of it.

"Sure, 'tis meddlin' I was, and

ye were not well. Ye will listen better now. Lad, 'tis for no good that she speaks to a common workman. Shun her lad, shun her."

"Terry advanced rapidly, thanks to his Scotch canniness and his Irish wits, and the day came when he found himself in his own little office up to the side, where he could look down the long length of the open-hearth. Mickey, his brother, had entered the mill, and was at Terry's old place on number six now. Terry liked to watch him as he labored, standing to his work to a man, and never missing a turn at feeding sand and ore into old six. Next to Mickey, Terry loved the business of steel. They were his inspiration—Mickey and steel.

"And then, one day, the superintendent invited Terry to dinner at his home.

"Terry had not expected that *she* would be there. In a vague way, perhaps, he had hoped. Her beauty struck him almost as a blow. At the mill she had been lovely, but here—he was almost startled at her attraction for him. She appealed to his senses as no one had ever done before.

"After that night Terry met the Girl very often. He began to neglect his duties, to shun the open-hearth. What was worse, he went less and less frequently to the little church on the hill, till at last it saw him no more. For that Girl, Terry McKensie gave up his faith—gave up truth, and decency, and honor. He became morose, gloomy, unapproachable. The Girl was to him like some powerful drug, that stimulates for a while, but kills in time. The Girl killed Terry's soul."

The monk paused, and seemed to be

praying. Corton waited, then spoke to him. He roused himself suddenly, as though his thoughts had been far away. Then he went on.

"The thing happened very suddenly. Terry had come to the mill in an ugly mood. He tried hard to work, but could not concentrate. At last he gave up, and buried his face in his hands. When he looked up, a little calmer, he saw the Girl.

"She was standing as she had stood the night Terry met her, peering through a workman's goggles into number six. At sight of her, the evil mood returned to Terry in a consuming surge. How he hated her! How he would like to see her suffer as he had suffered—but what was the use? He relaxed into a curiously weak, apathetic state, watching her listlessly.

"His anger rose again when the workman turned, and he saw that it was Mickey. If she dared! But his resentment faded, and the queer lethargy returned. A foolish, vacant smile settled on his face.

"He was still smiling that dead smile as the Girl, accompanied by Mickey, passed behind the furnace, and came out on the steel platform over the slag-pit. With an oddly detached feeling, he saw the Girl, in an exuberance of spirit, swing her foot in a graceful dance step, and one small white slipper hurtle out and down onto the crust of the slag in the pit. He saw the Girl laugh—how he had loved, how he hated, that laugh!—and turn to Mickey, pointing downward in her imperious way.

"Seemingly Mickey objected, for she said something, haughtily, and pointed again. Mickey shook his head, and spoke to her. In a vague,

THE SCHOLASTIC

impersonal way, Terry was puzzled. That was not like Mickey, to refuse a favor. She was angry now, and was stamping her slippered foot—ah, Mickey was going.

"Terry watched him as he went down the steel steps, and moved cautiously toward the slipper. Unaccountably, he thought of the spider and the fly, and of thin ice on a lake of fire. Ice—and fire! What was wrong with him? Fire and ice—what did it mean? Ah, yes—fire—the brand of sin; ice—the ice of repentance. But he—ah, he was branded far too deeply. His drugged mind shifted back to Mickey.

"And then, the spell broken at last, a terrible cry rasping in his throat, Terry sprang to his feet. In a deep scorching surge, all his great love for Mickey throbbed at his heart, and in the same moment left it cold. Thin ice! *Thin ice!* Number six had just been poured!

"Even as that first great cry tore at Terry's throat, the crust gave under Mickey's weight, and as the explosion came, Terry slumped in his chair, and was very still."

The monk paused, and was quiet,

looking down to the valley below. In a moment he continued, more slowly.

"Why that piece of slag where the slipper fell was not destroyed in the explosion, no one can tell. What they found of Mickey was buried there, and the slag was placed by Terry that he might never forget. The Girl? I do not know."

"And Terry?" Corton spoke gently.

"He was unconscious for several days. He recovered slowly, but since that day his hair has been white as snow. The doctors say it was the shock. Perhaps it was. Terry returned to his church, and every day he prays at the grave of his brother. He blames himself deeply—how deeply I think only he knows. God help him!"

"Anyway," Corton spoke slowly, "anyway, Mickey paid in part the debt Terry owed his God."

"Do you think so? Let us pray,—but I fear not!"

And Corton, wondering at the feeling in the voice, turned, and saw for the first time that under his cowl the monk's hair was white as snow.

And the monk's eyes were veiled and hurt.

THE OLD MAN SPEAKS.

E. T. LYONS.

There, in the heart of the city,
Amid industry's ceaseless drone,
With people all about me,
I went my way alone.

Here where those lie buried,
Who laughed with me and cried,
There is no lack of company,
My friends walk at my side,

FULL HONORS.

ROBERT B. RIORDAN.

ALITTLE little cigar-shaped ship slid through a warm sea, noiseless and lightless. Had there been close observers, all they could have seen was the blinking of the stars as the slim ship's short mast and radio spar slid between. But there were close observers whose observations were keener than the mere noticing of blinking stars.

Jimmy Dwyer mused about many things as he hugged the barrel of a piece of ordnance rigged forward. Jimmy was on watch, as he had been numberless nights before. He did not mind the watches. One gets used to them, and he loved the sea; but one thing he dreaded was the death many of his comrades had met. No, he was not afraid. Not that, he just did not like the way of going. His idea of dying was rather vague but the funeral always seemed important. Often he would picture himself sewed in canvas, lying at the ship's rail with his comrades standing at parade rest while the chaplain performed the rites due a faithful Irishman. Then he could hear the bugle and see the rifles snap up at "Present arms!" as he was hoisted over the side.

Jimmy suddenly stopped musing. A foaming streak split the top of a swell and lengthened swiftly toward the destroyer. The sailor's warning cry was drowned in the crash of rent steel and a deafening boom.

War makes restless wanderers of many men. Such a one was he that led an odd procession out of the jun-

gle onto a long stretch of tropical beach. Clad in dirty khaki, worn boots, and the inevitable cork helmet, he was followed by three strapping blacks bearing packs, one with a shotgun, another with a highpower rifle, the third carrying an ax. The white man, he was white in spite of stubbly beard and bronzed skin, carried only a light haversack and pistol. Guns were only a necessary evil to him, curiosity and a sketch pad being weapons of his own choice. That was why he was here.

Down the beach they tramped, single file, the white man looking here, there, and everywhere. An odd bit of flotsam caught his eye as the waves pushed it gently in the sand. Inspection proved that it had been a man, a sailor from the blue rags still about the bones and rotted shreds of flesh. Maybee some Portugee coaster. Another wave sloshed over the pitiful wreck, washing back the tatters of a sleeve. Around the bone was chained a bit of metal. Gingerly turning the thing to the sun the wanderer read, "James A. Dwyer, seaman first class, 2936608."

"Good Lord, he was an American. This is a h— of a place for any mother's son to be planted. No grave, no honors, nothing."

Ordering the blacks to drop their packs, he unlashed one and spread out a worn blanket. On this he rolled the remains of James A. Dwyer, seaman first class, and tied them up as neatly as he could. High up on the beach he scraped a shallow trench in the sand. Two of the blacks carried up the body, dumped it in and covered it with a high mound of sand while the third was sent to the brush for two sticks. These were tied into

THE SCHOLASTIC

a rude cross upon which was hung the metal identification tag after the man had made note of the name and serial number.

"You fellas soldiers?"

The blacks grunted an affirmative.

"What soldier?"

"Ingleesh."

"Dammit" half to himself, "that ain't American by a long shot, but it'll have to do." Stepping off a short space he lined up the three, giving two the two guns with three cartridges each and the third the ax.

"'tenTION!" The blacks stiffened, dropping their pieces to the order.

"Right FACE, for'd *Huch*, col'mn Right, *Huch*, detail *Halt*, left *Face*, parade *Rest*." Stepping to the foot

of the grave he uncovered and muttered an almost forgotten prayer for the departed soul.

Clicking his heels he barked commands at which the blacks came to order and fired meagre volleys over the grave, snapping the two guns and the ax to the present while he whistled taps.

It may not have been entirely according to the rules set down in the little blue manual, nevertheless Jimmy Dwyer was buried 'with full military honors.' Had his ghostly self been witness to the ceremony he might easily have mistaken the peculiar cry of the circling sea gulls for the squeak of ship's tackle.

THE PASSING YEARS.

J. C. RYAN.

Reluctant, sad, the last leaf fell.

The hoping bird was loath to go.

A tinge of warmth was in the winds.

The sun retained its August glow.

Like these, I dread the march of time,

The hurried race of passing years.

Like these, I cling to youth's own joys

As days grow short and winter nears.

IN A CANADIAN CABIN.

R. E. LIGHTFOOT.



HE was sleeping silently. A solemn stillness pervaded the cabin. The candle on the table cast a faint glow about the room.

Her breathing was so gentle that I wondered now and then if she were alive. Her almost pallid face was shrouded in a smile of celestial sweetness. Her hands—so often clasped in mine—were like pallid wax, and monotonously motionless.

The pendulum of the clock above the fireplace moved ominously to and fro.

The Indian had gone to a distant trading post for a doctor. I had waited anxiously for his return. But he had not come.

The night wore on, and a feeling of exhaustion crept over me. But I dared not close my eyes.

I went to the window and pressed my forehead against the cold black pane. A prayer fell from my lips. I was conscious that I was losing

strength. Suddenly I heard a noise outside. I wondered if it could be the Indian with the doctor. I waited for minutes that seemed hours. In an instant everything went black before me and I sank to the floor.

When I awoke, the cabin was enveloped in the gray mist of dawn. With a struggle I rose to my feet and steadied myself against a chair. The candle had burned out, and the smoke from it hovered about the room like incense.

I approached her bedside hesitatingly, feelings of dread and anguish weighing heavily in my heart.

The light of day was slowly filling the room. As I stood looking down at her, a shaft of sunlight fell across her pillow. The faint flush had gone from her cheek, but a smile sublime and reposeful remained.

I looked up at the clock, but the pendulum was motionless. Nor was there anywhere a sound.

I walked slowly toward the window. A fresh snow had fallen during the night, and as I stood gazing out at it, it seemed that I had never seen snow so white—and so pure.

THE BELOVED INITIALS.

JOHN BRENNAN.

ONE of the best things that Sir James Barrie has said during his joyous career is his remark to the effect that Robert Louis Stevenson is the owner of the best loved initials in recent English literature. Barrie represents a class, and it is a large class, which accepts Stevenson without qualification. There are others who regard him rather coldly, who insist upon pointing out his faults, and who dissect his work with all the zest of a surgeon at a clinic.

We have in Stevenson the spectacle of a member of a Scotch family of engineers who combined in his frail person talents fully as rare as any of those of his contemporaries. There were, moreover, few of his contemporaries who possessed literary gifts as varied as his, and fewer still who were obliged to combat the financial adversity and ill-health with which Stevenson had to contend.

The single track mind was not Stevenson's mind; he found time to be interested in many subjects and to write upon a variety of them. Withal, he saw the boundaries within which he could display his ability to good advantage and he did not attempt the impossible. Sympathetic, shrewd, endowed with a faculty for idleness and with an indifference to personal success, Stevenson was a born romanticist for whom the past had an intense fascination. That he did not attempt an historical novel, in the manner of his great countryman, Scott, may be attributed to the innate sense of his own limitations.

His message was consistently one of good cheer, and his pathetic life was a living example of what he preached; his work gives no evidence of his physical pain and there is nowhere a word of complaint.

Stevenson, some critics tell us, was artificial, a stylist whose only thought was for the mechanics of writing, whose one concern was syntax and a neat turn of phrase. "In short," says the Edinburgh Review, "it was his weird—and he could not resist it—to set style and form before fire and spirit." With this cold mechanician we are unfamiliar; we know several Robert Louis Stevensons, but with the calculator of effects we have nothing to do because he does not exist. That Stevenson was a careful workman, is admitted. He was his own most severe critic, and found it more difficult to please himself than to suit his readers. He studied the works of authors greater than himself, but their perusal did not dull his own gifts, and he remained always Robert Louis Stevenson, a man apart.

There was, first of all, a child who dreamed of the sound of pens writing, and then a wistful little boy pressing his small face against the windows of 17 Heriot Row watching Leerie light his lamps. He was too ill most of the time to play with companions of his own age so we see him marching his toy soldiers to and fro in the "land of counterpane," directing their movements from where he lay "with two pillows at his head," a friendly giant who lived in the castle on the hill. This same child it was who in later life wrote a book of simple poems which were to delight all children.

There was the Stevenson who in an

THE SCHOLASTIC

age of realism, remained a romanticist, who wrote "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." This Stevenson was a boy at heart whose fondness for adventure lasted during the forty-four years of his life. In "Gossip of Romance" he says, speaking of the books which had made an impression on him: "Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words 'post-chaise,' the 'great north road,' 'ostler,' and 'nag' still sound in my ears like poetry." For this turn of mind which gave him his appreciation for highwaymen and for Jacobites we are devoutly thankful, and to the map he drew in an idle hour for the amusement of himself and his stepson that was to give rise to the *Hispaniola*, to Long John Silver, and to Jim Hawkins, we owe many happy hours.

Stevenson was inclined to be bohemian, a gypsy who loved to roam in the unfrequented places, and as a consequence he often employed the essay form. It is, perhaps, as an essayist that he will be longest known and he would have it so, for there is which he always strove. He gives kindly advice to youth in "Virginibus Puerisque," writes on the art of writing, gossips a bit about things of

which he is fond. Comments on life and letters in "Familiar Portraits of Men and Books," and penned books of travel for which he sometimes provided his own illustrations.

He was by nature gentle and long-suffering, but he was occasionally moved to anger. He defended the dead Father Damien when that heroic missionary was attacked by a minister of his own faith. His sense of righteousness was outraged, and Mrs. Stevenson relates that never had she seen her husband so perturbed as when the religious periodical containing the smug communication from the Reverend Doctor Hyde to his "brother" fell into his hands. He seized his one weapon to defend a man who meant no more to him than he did to any one of the thousands who had known of Damien's work and wrote an apologetic which stands unique, like Stevenson himself, in the world of letters.

Stevenson is proclaimed a man with a dual personality, a moralist and a jest maker, a Jekyll and Hyde individual in whom, contrary to his great allegory, the good won out. The good there was in him was always in evidence and the Hyde was a very small part of his being. Be that as it may, the Stevenson we know best was Tusitala, the teller of stories, and the poet who wrote,

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me die,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will."

GIVE US MEN.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

BECAUSE of the number of Irish that become policemen, one always imagines a policeman as a stout, ruddy-faced individual with a pug nose and an Irish accent. One might visualize the usual reporter as the young brother of the policeman, more slender in build, perhaps, but still unmistakably Irish. Flaherty, O'Donnell, Murphy and Cahill are common names on the police beats, and on the reporting beats, too. The roll call at the station house and the assignment list on the city news desk are much alike; they both resemble membership lists of the A. O. O. H. In the same manner as they tend toward being policemen the Irish tend toward journalism—a condition explained possibly by the natural love of the Irish for excitement.

Not only are there many Irish in journalism, but also in the opinion of editors, the Irish make the best reporters. "I'd rather have one Irish reporter than a dozen of any other kind on the job," said Merrill Clark, night city editor of the old *New York Sun* for a generation. Clarke, himself, was not Irish, nor a Catholic, but a Protestant, a brother of a Methodist minister. Other editors echo Clarke.

About a dozen years ago, the man acknowledged to be the best writer on the New York newspapers was Frank Ward O'Malley. Brisbane and others who should know said that he was the best. Some put Louis Weedock in the same class. Both are Catholics and Irish, and in this article, as in most cases, Irish is almost

synonymous with Catholic. Well up in the same class are others to which O'Malley calls attention in a recent letter. Among those he mentions are:: "Martin Green, of the *Evening World*, an Irish-American Catholic and one of the two or three great reporters of all time; Eugene Campbell, then of the *World* (morning), a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's, in New York, and a nephew of the learned Father Campbell, S. J.; Charles Sommerville, of the *Evening Journal*, also a Catholic; Joe Fitzgerald, then of the old *Herald* and also a Catholic, and Irvin S. Cobb, then on the *Evening World*—of Irish descent but not a Catholic."

O'Malley mentions a number of others of the same period who were also among the leaders. In all he names nineteen leading reporters of the time, and twelve of the nineteen are Catholics. Among some of the other leaders he mentions Robert Scallon, of the *World* and *Sun*; Frank O'Brien, of the *New York Press*; Joe O'Neill, of the *World*; Davenport, of the *American*; Frank Sullivan, of the *Herald*.

Besides these, he says, "the far greater majority of New York's snappiest police court and 'station-men' reporters—they couldn't write, but they could 'get' the story!—were young Irish-American Catholics."

The same situation exists in other cities. In Chicago the situation is almost the same, with the exception of the *Chicago Tribune*. According to my knowledge, there is not a Catholic on the *Tribune's* editorial staff, but the *Triubne* is an exception. Fitzgerald is managing editor of the *Evening Sun* in Baltimore, and some of the reporters on the *Sun* (morn-

THE SCHOLASTIC

ing) have names that bring memories of the Isle. And so on, elsewhere all through these United States.

The men in training to be reporters are Irish, too. Notre Dame's school of journalism, for instance, has a larger percentage of men taking journalism than any other school in the country.

The point is that there are many Catholics in journalism.

The further point is that they are without much influence, that journalism lacks principle, and that Catholics are not helping it to tend rather toward the ideal than away from it.

Everyone is denouncing journalism and everyone believes that it is getting worse. It is. But a few newspapers have ideals and live up to them. The *Baltimore Suns*, morning and evening, are examples of papers that do try to print news as news. They make every effort to get the truth, the reasonable truth, and if it does happen that the truth is not printed in their columns, it is because human nature is occasionally liable to err without intending it. Here and there, throughout the country, there are other papers like the *Sun*. And here and there, far outnumbering the reliable papers, are newspapers that do not want the truth. They want the sensational. Such papers deliberately exaggerate the facts in order to increase circulation. In one recent instance, a certain newspaper told a story about the rescue of a child by its mother "through the lashing flames of her burning home." The mother did carry the child from the home, but there were no "lashing flames," unless one can call smouldering from smoke from a few bags such. That same newspaper fre-

quently magnifies details in other stories. Last summer, as another instance, five hundred ounces of dope seized in a raid, as the police docket said, was changed by them, to one thousand ounces. During the past summer another newspaper deliberately manufactured a sensational suicide story, a story without any foundation.

Catholics who are on newspapers, though they are men of ideals, are not always men who fight for ideals. They bow to the will of a money-seeking executive, and in most cases, too, are really without much power. The chief editors of papers are not the men of ideals; they have arrived at their positions because they are machines, men whose abilities produce material, not spiritual wealth. They are men who grow strong because of human weaknesses. They realize that a newspaper that satisfies the baser desires of men is the newspaper that has the largest circulation. If the people want lies and exaggeration, instead of truth and accuracy, give it to them, they say. In such a case, ideals can go hang.

But the condition is not irremediable. Men who will fight for ideals are wanted. Not so much are Catholics needed, as Catholics who will fight for their Catholic ideals, which are, after all, the bases of all good ideals proved by them, by reason, by experience. The religion then, in this case, is not so important as the ideals of that religion, the ideals of individuals who will fight for what they hold to be true. Many Catholics are in journalism, but feeble numbers mean nothing.

A religious press is not argued for here. A press with religious ideals

is, rather, what is wanted. Religious papers are good, are needed, but they have their field; the *Methodist Advocate*, the *Presbyterian Guide*, and the *Catholic Light* have their place and function, while the daily press has its field, separate and distinct. While spiritual food is grown in the one field, more worldly food is grown in the other. There may be weeds in both fields, though those in one do not concern us here. Here we are concerned with the removal of the weeds from the field of non-secular journalism, that it may produce its best fruit.

A newspaper that would be concerned both with religious and world affairs, though possible, is not practicable. The *Christian Science Monitor* is an instance of a paper that realizes the necessity of keeping religion and news opinions unmixed. It is not a religious paper in the true sense of the term; it is first of all, a real newspaper. A religious daily, in this case let us take a Catholic daily, is not a remedy for the situation. Though it may do good in presenting the true angle of Catholic news it is not the best means for the presentation of general news. Briefly, it can not present news at a time when it is news, unless a syndicate of Catholic newspapers were to be established in every large city, an undertaking prevented by the enormity of the cost of the enterprise: furthermore, being partisan in religion it would encourage other religions to begin newspapers and thus, possibly, would incite a religious war; or, if not partisan, it would not be a Catholic newspaper, but would be a newspaper run by Catholics—something much different. The obvious need, therefore, is not for

a religious press, but for better newspapers, for newspapers which observe the canons common to religion. The need is for more men who fight for their ideals, for more active Catholics.

"All professions, including journalism, or *especially* journalism," to quote O'Malley again, "need decent young men, decent ideals, decent methods and practice. . . . What we need is the fair charity that the Catholic Church teaches, commands, but which millions never practice. . . . We need what you call 'Catholic principles in journalism,' and 'Catholic young men' in journalism, in addition to that (same) sort of man and principle now often found in the non-Catholic newspaper man; and let them infuse Catholic principles into their daily newspaper work to their utmost, but always without confusing Catholicism and journalism."

Said Msgr. Noll, editor of the *Sunday Visitor*, in an address to the journalists at the University of Notre Dame:

"Because there is scarcely any illiteracy to-day in our country, because present day papers contain something for everybody, everybody reads them. They are the one piece of literature in universal demand. Hence it is safe to declare that the journalist is more indispensable, in the estimate of the masses of to-day, than any other person. Few books find as many readers in a generation as the message of some journalists has day after day. One Chicago daily reaches more families than dwell in the great state of Indiana. The importance of the journalistic profession, therefore, is as incalculable as its responsibility is staggering.

THE SCHOLASTIC

"I concede that, in itself, the printing press is an indifferent tool; it is as ready to serve the cause of truth as of error, of the Church as of the world. But those whose lives are devoted to the spread of truth and morality are not in possession of it. Invented by a Catholic, and first employed in the interest of God and His Church, the printing press is now being employed in against the Church, has become a foe, against which all human efforts of churchmen are powerless."

Says Cardinal Pie:

"The most religious people in the world, the most submissive to authority if they only read bad newspapers,

will at the end of thirty years become a nation of unbelievers and rebels. Humanly speaking, no preaching can hold its own against a corrupt press."

And Cardinal Lavigerie and others say much the same thing. Applicable to the situation are the words of Pope Pius IX: "Our time needs more defenders of truth with the pen than defenders of truth on the pulpit. Therefore, all those who have the eternal welfare of themselves and others at heart, and especially those whose duty it is to defend the faith from the pulpit, should do their best to work continually against the godless press, above all by supporting and spreading the good press."

MYSTERY.

J. C. PATRICK.

On these wintry days when the earth is dead
And nature is biding her time
In a peaceful sleep
While the creatures creep
From the scene of the autumn's crime,
Why the very thought that the rose was red
And again will be red in spring
Overawes my soul
Like the ocean's roll,
With the mystery of each thing.

"LIKE A THIEF."

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

POLICE records show that practically every criminal is guilty of some carelessness resulting in his detection. Tom Anderson, whose aliases were as numerous as they were familiar to the police, underestimated the ability of the officers in a certain Western state. Having eluded the metropolitan forces, he fled West and while working on a supposedly "soft" bank job, had been forced to shoot two watchmen, one of whom died. The sheriff's posse captured him five hours later and now, at the end of three weeks, he was in the death cell of the state's prison. The identity of the prisoner had been learned soon after his arrest and the case attracted nation-wide publicity. Nor had the defendant's record softened the jury's heart.

Anderson's wife arrived at Carver City, where the prison was located, three days after the news of her husband's arrest. She broke down when Anderson was sentenced to death and two brothers from Chicago came on and registered at the Carver City hotel. The officials were well aware of the accomplishments of their prisoner and extra precautions were taken to guard him. Each day the two men brought a basket of fruit from the hotel, and a week before the execution was to take place, Mrs. Anderson was again able to accompany them. The guard always inspected the basket and remained during the visit and justice seemed to be taking its natural course.

But there was an undertone of interest on both sides that puzzled the

respective parties. Anderson had appeared frightened and then morose when first arrested, but of late he had brightened perceptibly in spite of a seeming effort to repress his feelings. The officials about the prison also seemed strangely active. There was much talk in low voices, of which Anderson was only able to infer that he was the subject. At first he was disturbed, but assuming that the excitement was due to his prominence in the criminal world, he ceased to worry and turned his attention to a more important matter. For Tom Anderson had decided that escape was not impossible. Taking an apple from the basket brought that morning, he turned the stem and took out a bit of the end, revealing a little cylinder of paper. Assuring himself that the guard was at the opposite end of the corridor, he extracted the paper and read, "Newspapers filled with case. Governor will attend. Execution strictly private. Have arranged for car."

The last sentence cheered the prisoner but the preceding ones puzzled him. From what he had learned, it was unusual for the Governor to attend these executions, and hitherto he had not been aware of any special privacy. The hangings were always held in the courtyard, the guard had told him, and the curious were allowed to look through the barred gate. Newspaper men, prison officials, relatives and the chaplain formed a rather extensive group in the enclosure. But Anderson supposed that his record and several previous jail deliveries of accomplices had caused the proclamation of strict privacy, and as it was admirably suited to his plans, he thought little more of it. As for the

Governor's presence, he supposed that was out of curiosity to witness the death of one of the most sought-after criminals of the country.

Anderson and his accomplices had arranged a daring but simple plan for rescuing the prisoner. The death-house and the court-yard adjoining were on the side of the prison nearest the road. There were but two guards on the walls over this court. A large barred gate opened into the court to admit the trucks with produce for the kitchens across the way. There was one guard stationed at this gate. Anderson's accomplices summoned a third man from Chicago. After an investigation he pronounced the plan feasible and preparations were rounded into shape on the eve of the execution. The guard who was to be on duty at the gate during the time set for the execution was summoned from his bed the night before and forced at the point of a gun to accompany his captors to a place a few miles out of the city. There he was compelled to disclose his duties and the manner of assuming his place at the gate. Following this the new member of the kidnaping party took the uniform of the guard and with the aid of make-up applied with skilled hands, produced in himself to the satisfaction of the other two a likeness of the captive. At six o'clock the next morning this pseudo-guard presented himself at the prison office, answered the greeting of the clerk with a short, "Headache," punched the clock, took a rifle, and assumed his place at the gate in the court-yard. The execution was timed for seven o'clock and the plan was to have the supposed guard throw open the gate when the condemned man was led

into the court, admit a high-powered car containing the armed accomplices into which the prisoner would leap while they covered the officials, and picking up the false guard on the way out, speed into a previously selected haven in the adjacent country.

At five o'clock, with the first ray of the sun, Anderson heard the door at the end of the corridor open and two guards came and unlocked the door of his cell. He was marched into the main corridor and then into another cell. It was a queerly constructed cell, having apparently no ventilation except for what Anderson took to be a window at one end. There was also in the other end of the room, which was lighted by electricity, a small screen-like opening. Anderson smiled to himself as he gazed upon what he considered a precaution against an attempted escape. The guards left and he was undisturbed until six-thirty when the chaplain came. Again Anderson was amused but went through with the final ceremonies to allay any suspicion. To his surprise the chaplain left the cell after a final prayer for the condemned man. Another innovation, but the imminent testing of his own plan drove the occurrence from his mind. "If Carroll has succeeded in impersonating that guard—if Marguerite has the car ready, and if the shots go wide—if pursuit is eluded—lay low a while—go back—lights—" And Tom Anderson crashed to the floor still smiling at the recollection of his old haunts.

Outside the prison a closed car pulled up to the curb. A man got out and casually inspected the appearance of the prison. The guard at the gate stooped to pick up something and the

THE SCHOLASTIC

plotters were thus told there were no apparent preparations yet. Seven o'clock came, and seven-thirty. Eight o'clock found the guard and the man outside displaying signs of nervousness and in the car another man was trying to reassure a frightened woman. At this stage, a boy rushed into the street with extra papers and the

man outside bought one. A startled exclamation—two faces appearing at the door of the car—the guard forgetting his duties and rushing to the group at the curb—and this:

Lethal execution proves success! Tom Anderson dies smiling! Governor witnesses experiment.

FOR US TO REMEMBER.

J. C. RYAN.

FRIENDS.... glad Autumn afternoons when the trees are color-touched.... the campus, dusky and mystic, covered with large brown leaves that break under foot.... gridiron struggles in the half-light... cheers.... victories.... snake dances, joyous and carefree.... the walk to St. Mary's gate upon a fall afternoon.... Calvary.... sunset over St. Mary's lake, viewed from the porch of Corby.... the log chapel at twilight and many altar lights burning within.... moonlight through the trees.... the tower clock striking during the night.... the newly-tinted Dome, lofty and resplendent, against a panorama of far-away stars.... the weeping willow near Dujarie and the rustic bridge.... the gay sound of

the minims at play.... winter at Notre Dame.... the frozen lake and the skaters circling and whirling upon the ice.... the snow-laden evergreens.... the lights of the Law building through the trees upon a night in January.... white as the snow itself, the library standing forth in the darkness.... six o'clock Mass in the basement chapel on a winter morning.... the rustic road leading to the Niles highway.... the Brownson 'rec' room.... glowing candles at the grotto upon a still night.... Spring and the flowers.... walks around the lakes.... the cinder lanes along Notre Dame Avenue.... the Lilacs.... The Hill Street car.... trips to Niles.... the solemn church bells ringing on evenings in May.... band concerts on the main quadrangle.... swimming in the lake.... leaving in June.... goodbyes.... friends, old and new....

THE SCHOLASTIC

THE LOOKOUTMAN.

H. A. M.

Two eyes that peer into the dismal mist
See nothing of the fog, nor of the night,
Nor does this lonely mass of sea exist
Where those two mind-worn eyes have taken flight;
Their world is on a dreamy little height
That guards the sea; where humble homes are raised
By humble hands; where first the sun throws light;
Where maidens' words are low, and gently phrased;
Where life is love and work, and God is often praised.

Two hands that hold the gunwale in their grip
Feel not the damp and roughened ridge of steel;
The trembling body of this ocean ship
Is but a fabled memory where they feel
The eager spin of the surf-fisher's reel;
A ship is but a sight from those green shores,
And not a home; true, many is the keel
Slips out beyond the breakers on its oars,
Yet ere the night its captain to his home restores.

Two lips pressed tight against the salty spray,
Forget the blasphemy they revelled in,
And fancifully speak soft words, and pray,
With women, for immunity from sin.
In silence seek they grace that they have been
Denied within the foc'sle's profane wall;
No oath can break the sturdy discipline
That binds them—no word but that lone call,
"The lights are bright, sir!"—that cry, and that is all.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION. *

THE REVEREND CHARLES C. MILTNER,
C. S. C., PH. D.

TO GET what you want, you must know what it is. To get the best you must be able to distinguish it from the merely good, or the mediocre, or the worthless. You cannot buy a horse, or build a house, unless you can distinguish a horse from a mule, and a house from a hill-top. You young men know what you want, or think you do,—an education. You have come here to get just that. The University exists and functions to help you get just that. But many a man has known what he wanted, and failed to get it. Why? Because he mistook something else for what he wanted. You may know very well that you want to go to Chicago, but have no idea in which direction it lies. And so you may travel and travel and never get there. You may want to make a million, only make yourself a pauper in the attempt. It just happens in human life that men, especially young men, must seek counsel from others so that they may not only know that what they want is the best, but how to recognize it when they see it, and also how to go about getting it. And so I am going to try to tell you something about Education, which you all want, and especially about a liberal education, which you should all want, because it is incomparably the best, and I feel that the best is none too good for you.

Any kind of a man is worth a lot. A properly educated man is worth more,—more in his own eyes, more in

the estimation of his fellowmen, more to society, more to the Church. A man is worth infinitely more than all the wealth in the world. And that for the simple reason that he has something of infinite, of the Divine, in him. God is all spirit. Man is partly spirit. God can know; so can man. God can freely choose; so can man, and therefore he is God-like. And man can increase that knowledge, and therefore he can become more God-like, that is, more intelligent, more wise, more spiritual minded, more independent of the material world, more truth-loving and beauty-loving and justice-loving, more masterful over himself, more merciful toward others, more powerful for good, more fearful for evil,—in one word, more perfect. And if a "man must be educated to be rightly human," and if a man, merely because he is human, is in God's estimation "just a little less than the Angels;" and if he is, whatever he may happen to be, worth Gethsemane and Calvary and the Cross, then surely we may say that when we undertake, as you are undertaking with our assistance now, the work of education, the value of our efforts and the nobility of our efforts is in some way commensurate with the very worth of a man, and the majesty of Revelation. Neither you students on the benches, nor we professors on the rostrum, should we all live a thousand years, could ever be engaged in a more honorable occupation than we are right now. For right now we are, all of us, if we know our business and appreciate our opportunity, shaping and fashioning human lives, than which nothing created is more sacred, for time and for eternity. Certainly

* A Lecture to the Freshmen of the University.

THE SCHOLASTIC

we must not make any mistake about what we want or how we are to get it.

No man is perfect. But he can make himself more perfect. That is the very reason he is a man at all. An animal is born fully educated. He never gets more education. He is not capable of education. His college degree is not written on sheepskin. It is ingrained in the fiber of his brain. He does not earn it. He inherits it. A baby elephant knows as much as its mother. A baby man hardly knows his own mother. The baby elephant can never know more than his mother. He is in a rut, and he can never get out of it. But a baby man can learn not only what his mother knows, but a great deal more. He does not inherit an education. He inherits history, which is infinitely more. He is heir, you are the heirs, of all the wisdom and the learning of bygone years. It has been preserved for you. It is yours if you will only take it. And you can take it if you will. You can make it your own because, being men, and not elephants, you have powers which when developed, and because you can develop them, will enable you to profit by all the fruits and all the failures, all the triumphs and all the blunders, of the life-labors of your race.

And this brings me to the very core of my discussion. By comparison, nature was stingy with the elephant. She was generous, liberal with man. She made him master of all the animals, lord over creation. Or rather she has given him the powers to become such. She gave him the past and the present and the future, yes, eternity too, if he will accept it. Now it is always wise to take a hint from Nature. For that is only another

way of learning the will of God, who gave Nature tongues to speak with. And surely since Nature has been liberal in endowing us with powers of education, her hint to us is to be liberal with ourselves in developing those powers. For that is the only way we can realize our full worth as men or ever reach the end which Nature intends us to reach,—perfect manhood. That is the basis and the aim of the education we call "liberal."

In this matter he who gives, gets, because what he gives is not squandered; it is invested, and the returns are a thousand fold. They do not so much become yours, as you. The returns of education are not, immediately at least, dividends in cash, but in character, not self-enrichment, which is possible without education, but self-development which is the most precious of riches. Perfection comes of action; growth comes from exercise; harmonious, well-balanced, complete development springs from the exercise of all your faculties, — muscles, senses, mind, memory, imagination, judgment, choice. That demands generosity, liberality in time, in interests, in effort, in money. It is liberal education. Where there are many powers to develop, there must be also many different subjects on which to develop them, or at least enough subjects to bring all these powers into play. The field of activity must be broad, of liberal proportions. You liberate a prisoner by unlocking the door. You liberate a flame in a match by striking it against something. Similarly you liberate, set free, develop the powers of your body and mind by opening up for them avenues of escape, rubbing them with, bumping them against ob-

THE SCHOLASTIC

stacles to be removed, problems to be solved,—in a word, by giving them something to do, which they are fitted by nature to do. And so, I say, be liberal with yourself. Give these powers, all of them, a chance. If you liberate them, you liberate yourself. Because knowledge is power, and extending your knowledge extends your power; and power makes for greater independence, which is greater freedom.

It is possible to study just one field of knowledge, to try to know all about just that one subject. I do not say that is a bad thing to do. In fact nowadays it is practically necessary. But I do say it is a bad thing *for you to do now*; for it is not necessary,—at least for most of you. If circumstances compel you to fit yourself as soon as possible for a job, well and good, get fitted as soon as you can. Only remember you will not be an educated man. You will be a one-sided man, a man with one power, one interest, one joy. Lose that and you lose all. You fail completely. You are stranded. An educated man is a man fitted not precisely for a job, but for life, for full giving, full appreciation of the best in life, the best in literature, in science, in art, in religion. He is not one-sided, but many-sided. He may not be an expert in anything, but he has a rich store of talent that, if need be, or if he desires, he can turn to quick advantage in any line of endeavor.

If you hammer iron only on one side, only in one place, you will never make a spike. At best your product will be a flat piece of metal which you can put to but few uses. And so too if you hammer away at yourself only on one side, only in one place, the re-

sult may be a clever or a well-informed man, an expert even, but you certainly will not have an educated man. Modern mechanical methods have devised short cuts for making spikes, but modern educational science has discovered no short cuts for making men. It is easier to mold iron than mind, to fashion spikes than speech, to build carriages than character. And education is a molding, a building process. It is not a stuffing process. It is simply the process whereby the powers which we have, powers of body and soul—muscles, senses, instincts, imagination, memory, will and intellect are strengthened, developed and made capable of doing their best work. The essence of a liberal education then lies more in the aim in view than in the studies pursued. The studies prescribed are the materials with which it works, the tools, as it were, by which are turned out, not professional or technical experts, but “men and women better equipped for whatever profession or employment they may undertake and for their equally important function of citizen and neighbor.”

Shakespeare says in one of his plays: “All the world’s a stage, and we’re the players on it.” The first thing a player must know before he can do any successful acting is the lay-out of the stage. The stage of life, the boards on which we tread, is the physical, material universe. We should know something about it. Therefore we should know at least the elements of Astronomy, Geology, Physics, Chemistry, Biology. We shouldn’t be strangers in our own house.

After the stage, comes the players,

THE SCHOLASTIC

—men, their history, their works and institutions, their ideas and ideals, their motives, purposes, beliefs, their past endeavors, triumphs and failures, their present problems.

We open our eyes on the world to-day. We see a multitude of human institutions,—society, nations, states, governments, religions, property, courts, industries, charities, and so on. What do they mean? Where have they come from? How have they been built up? Why are they necessary? The key to the present is the past. Present actualities are understood only through an examination of all those processes by which they have come to be what they are. And so we must know history, the record of human life and human achievement, the synthetic experience of our race. Unless we know how men have blundered before us, we run the risk of blundering ourselves. Unless we know what factors have always made for progress, all our efforts toward it may be in vain. Both the secret of present conditions and of future possibilities are written in the records of the past. To know history is to know men, to know human nature, to know therefore, ourselves, so that we shall not stumble blindly in the dark, but march onward with our eyes wide open, and a guide on either side of us. The knowledge of history, therefore, in a broad sense, as including the social sciences of economics, politics and sociology, is indispensable to a liberal education.

Now these players on life's stage are not mere mannikins.—Life is not a punch and Judy show. They are not mere utilitarians. "Even the savage succeeds in getting what is merely useful," They are idealists, the

best of them, lovers of things that are beautiful, because perfect. They have expressed these ideals in concrete form. The result is art. Science seeks truth. Art seeks beautiful forms in which to express it. Science aims at learning; art aims at doing. One must know before he can do. Knowledge never put to any use is worse than useless. A man who is unable to use, to express the knowledge he has, is as though he knew nothing. There is one art therefore that we must all cultivate, the literary art, the art of expression. A thought that is unexpressed can do no one any good. A thought that is badly expressed is never an instrument of power; it never attracts or sways or convinces; it is a sign of weakness; it may even do harm. To know how best to express thoughts we must get acquainted with the best forms in which it has been expressed. And that means the study of literature. And since modern literature has its roots in and is largely modeled on the older literatures of Greece and Rome, it can be known best by those who have first acquired a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.

Moreover, every additional language you know makes you an additional man. Every additional literature the knowledge of that language opens up to you, reveals an additional world of thought. It is said that money talks. It does. But it speaks the language of a barbarian. For even a barbarian can barter and bribe. And that is how money talks. Money has its function. But it is not to express ideas. Money has its influence, but it is not to enrich the mind. Only mind can touch, enliven, ennoble mind. Only mind can

THE SCHOLASTIC

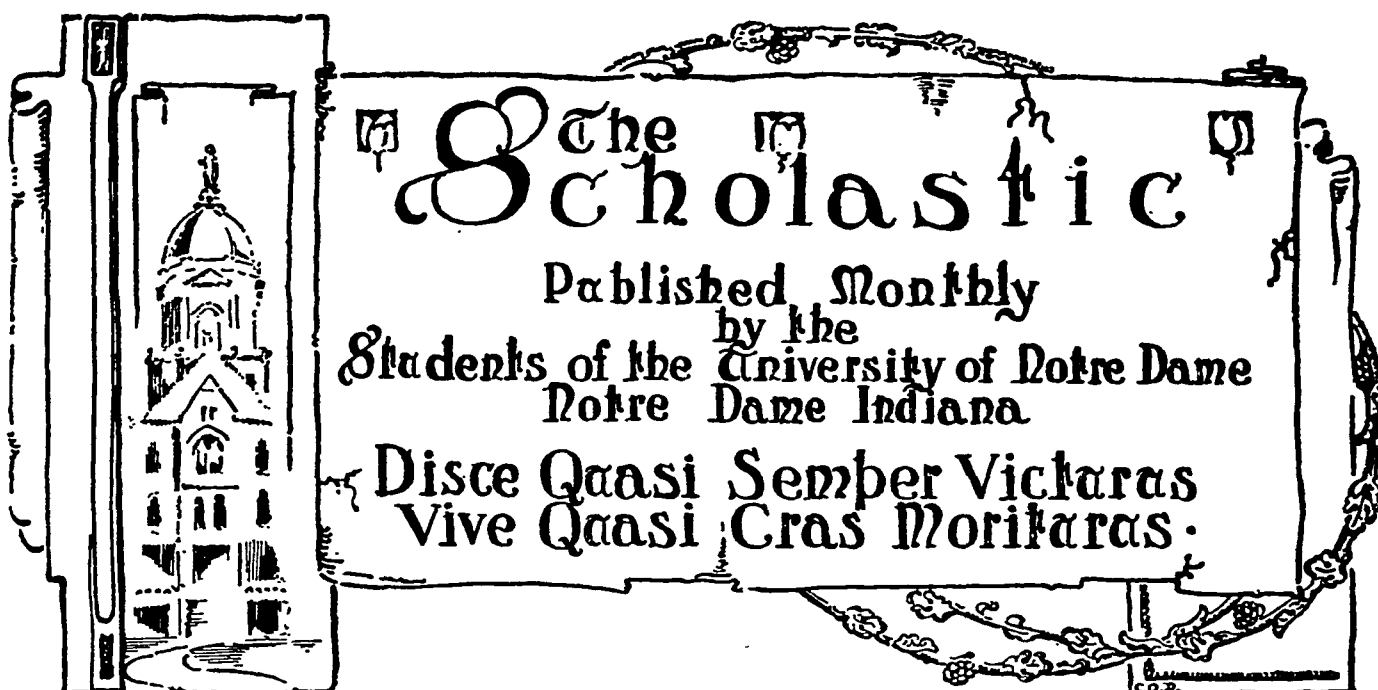
enrich life, mold men. And literature is the mind's arsenal, the magazine of its most precious and powerful ammunition. Cultivate literature, and the art of expression in its most perfect forms, and you make of yourself a veritable dynamo of power having contacts with life on every side.

Now, there is order in the universe. There should be order in our lives, and hence in our thoughts. Order results from the proper subordination of means to end, the suitable arrangement of parts in a whole. We must see life as a whole in order to have a right outlook upon it. We must view knowledge as a whole or be narrow and one-sided in our conception of it. We must possess a correct standard of values or forever blunder in our choice of things. "Those who . . . have no object or principle whatever to hold by," says Newman, "lose their way, every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no views of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others, for want of internal resources. But the intel-

lect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another." (*Idea of A University*, p. 138)

That principle and that power are the fruit of philosophy, the art of "thinking things together," the art of gathering up into a rational, well-ordered unity the various portions of knowledge, so that each may be assigned its proper place and given its proper value in the whole. It is, in this respect, the Queen of all the sciences, the crown and perfection of all our studies. It is the final step in the process of a liberal education, the unequivocal sign of a liberally educated man.





VOL. I. (New Series)

JANUARY, 1924.

NO. 5.

Yearly, \$1.50.

Single Copy, 25 cents.

VANISHING CULTURE.

Tradition tells us that culture was once intrinsic. Smoking in the presence of ladies, for instance, was tacidly tabooed. Perhaps smoking is a bad example, since it has almost passed from the luxury to the necessity stage—still it offers the most widespread examples of the decline of gentility. Progress and efficiency, so-called, changed culture from the intrinsic to the extrinsic. Men based their indulgence or abstinence upon prominent signs or the example of some neighbor. And now more progress has removed culture from both intrinsic and extrinsic stages and set it on the road to the Land of the Lost Arts.

The "No Smoking" sign has almost disappeared. The once-used phrase, "May I smoke?" has given place to "Where'll I put the ashes?" "No Shoving" is now "Keep Moving;" "Ladies First" is "First come, first served," and so on. Little acts of politeness, common in the old school, are performed now as furtively as though they were illegal. If a man offers a woman his seat on the street car, he acts ashamed and usually offers the excuse that it's near his stop. The stranger in the restaurant finishes his meal and proceeds to throw out a smoke screen of his favorite tobacco, (his favorite, not yours) which you are compelled to swallow with your food. Public halls reek with tobacco smoke almost before the gathering has become settled.

Women in crowds are pushed about indiscriminately. If some impulsive person does step aside to let a woman pass, a half dozen men are ready to rush into the breach before the woman has a chance. There is much said to the effect that the women are at least partly to blame. But wherever

THE SCHOLASTIC

there are gentlemen there will be ladies, as surely as there are fools for vampires.

The widespread use of tobacco, profanity, and liquor by both men and women, and the disregard of the time-honored customs of courtesy, seem to indicate that culture is well along the last road. Nor does it travel alone. The similar progress of virtue could also be dwelt upon, but let us only say here that both culture and virtue, apologetic in the new order, are beating a hasty retreat down the road to the Lost Arts.

PEACE AND PUBLICITY.

Peace is a mighty good thing. Peace as it applies to nations is quite the best of things—nowadays. The question of restraining the world from war is not only very important but also very modern. Armies made up of millions of citizens first became the vogue under Napoleon. Previous to that time, battles were the affair of a professional soldiery trained and hired for the purpose. The individual citizen might be harrassed by armies, but it would never have occurred to the Duke of Marlborough or Don Juan that peasants and burghers might be enlisted and sent out to fight. That, like the Ford car and the income tax, is a modern invention. It is the universality of modern war which makes its extinction a matter of universal moment.

Everybody will therefore sympathize with Mr. Bok's design to interest the people of the United States in the problem of organizing against international strife. But not so many people will be inclined to look with favor upon the results of that design. Propaganda, veiled or out in the open, is no longer appetizing. And the Bok prize plan looks suspiciously like propaganda. It takes on an atmosphere of "made-to-order" pabulum which this country is to be coaxed into swallowing despite its previous moods of revulsion. The plan calls for a World Court that will slip us into the League of Nations, painlessly and through the window. There stands Mr. Bok's jury smiling and rubbing its hands. "This is quite the best thing we found!" they assure us. "And really, you know, it is so simple, so nice, and so old-fashioned." No one ought accuse either Mr. Bok or his jury of conspiracy. But it doesn't seem possible to accuse them of much intelligence.

The League was once born squint-eyed and hunchbacked. It had subsequently quite triumphantly died. Since we did not attend its baptism, it is a little ungracious to ask us out for the funeral.

MORE STIFLERS.

Something else is forbidden. The U. S. Lawn Tennis Association has informed one of its most active members, a certain Mr. Tilden—who by the way is tennis champion of the universe, exclusive of Heaven and Hell—that he may not earn his bread by the ink from his pen and still participate in amateur tennis.

We can neglect the hardship this imposes upon Mr. Tilden, and consider

only the hardships imposed upon the public. Since Mr. Tilden plays the best brand of tennis even the august officers of the association have in some time witnessed, it is barely possible that he knows something of how tennis should be played. For this reason a tennis public of some few millions, which desires to be educated in the game, prefers to be educated by a champion like Mr. Tilden rather than by a sporting editor that knows little about editing and less about the fine points of a fine game like tennis.

It would be interesting to know the principle that guided these officers of the tennis association. Was it "A man is not entitled to pay for giving others the benefit of years of observation and experience?" If that be the principle, it is rather an altruistic one. It ignores the evident fact that men must have bread to eat and a bed in which to sleep, and that they ordinarily acquire these necessities by selling their talents and abilities.

Or was the principle, "The proper thing to do nowadays is to purge; but if there be nothing to purge, then one must show one's power by being pugnacious?"

Now the motives of the Association are no more to be questioned than the motives of the Anti-Smoking League. Yet theoretically these two associations are opposed, and their motives should be contrary—the tennis body supposedly aims to stimulate, the anti-smoking body to stifle stimulation. The fact that the tennis organization has joined the fierce forces of the Stiflers, the Forbidders, is a very forceful illustration of the way in which ordinarily sane Americans have murdered the broad ideas that they used to consider fundamentals, and have nurtured the diseased little ideas of intolerance—intolerance in the ludicrous guise of Reform.

THIS PREPARATION.

"Remember, young man, you are attending college to prepare for life." How often we hear this statement, yet how false and absurd it is. Except in the sense that all human endeavor is a preparation for the ever imminent future, the existence of the college man is not a preparation for life; it is life—a career in itself.

College life offers an abundance of opportunities. Opportunities, too numerous and varied, perhaps, for they are often rejected. This lack of appreciation for the opportunities offered in college may be due to the fact that many students willingly accept this "preparation-for-life" hypothesis, and in anticipation of the day when they will be endowed with wings, wrap themselves resignedly in their cocoons and peacefully dream of the vague future.

If college life is merely a preparation for the real thing, then we, as college students, are in some sort of an embryonic stage of development not yet in full control of all faculties. We are the victims of an evolutionary process as yet incomplete. By admitting this theory we destroy our faith in ourselves and substitute a hopeful resignation to the future.

It is futile to deny that, as college men, we live largely in relation to the future. We should. But the future bears always the same relation to the

THE SCHOLASTIC

present that an effect bears to its cause. Success in the world after college can be computed fairly accurately from our success in college. The two states are merely different innings of the same game, affecting equally our final batting average.

The life of the college student is not an artificial existence; it is that time in his career when he comes in closest contact with his fellow man. It is the time when the petty disillusion of youth are compensated by a deeper understanding of life.

College life instead of being regarded as a period of preparation should be considered as a time of beginning. There is a world of difference between the two. The one may be almost wholly passive while the other is necessarily actual and alive. By conceding college life to be merely a preparatory state we are regarding the future as the time for beginning, when it should be considered as the time of fulfillment—a harvest time. In accepting the theory that “college is a preparation for life” we are shirking a great deal of responsibility, and soon begin to look upon our present in vague terms of an unrelated future and regard our life at college as a peaceful voyage in an open boat, “as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

THAT OLD OLD CLOCK.

Time was when we rose in the morning as the tower clock was striking six (or maybe nine) ; when we marked the passing of laborious class periods by its regular booming: when we watched the darkness of evening come on as we listened to the same but ever melodious sounds. But that was long ago. Now we no longer anticipate its ringing. The clock is stopped. We have even ceased gazing up at it with forgetful expectation.

We should welcome nothing more enthusiastically than the revived sounds of this old old clock. It is part of the life at Notre Dame. For years it has had its part in the routine of university affairs. Generations of students have listened to it, have relied upon it. It is a tradition here. Why not start the tower clock . . . now?

LUNAR LOG.

DECEMBER SUMMARY.

WITH the University's Christmas present—a good two weeks' vacation, safely navigated, and the "old, old flower" of study blooming radiantly once more, the second quarter of the school year draws to a close. December is a month of Vacation, preparing for, enjoying of, and recovering from—. A few other important events took place however, all chronicled in the pre-Christmas, and glorious Christmas issue of the Daily.

Shortly before the holidays the "Scribblers Book of Notre Dame Verse" appeared on the campus. More will be said about that in the book-review section of this magazine. The first edition was sold out in one night, and plans are now under way for another edition to fill the demands. Announcement came, too, that the Cotillion, the culmination of Sophomore social activity, will be held on February 8th in the Palais Royale. A late report has it that the Benson orchestra from Chicago will play. Upper classmen seem to be as anxious to make this dance a success as are the sophomores.

The Christmas issue of the Daily was chuck full of news. Five or six All-American Teams appeared, announcements and good wishes galore, and featuring the issue came the news that Adam Walsh was elected captain of the 1924 Football team, and that Mark Nolan, orator supreme, had won the Breen Medal Contest with his oration on "Guardian of the Constitution." We heard in this issue also that Kennedy and Lieb will rep-

resent Notre Dame at the Olympics to be held in Dublin in the Spring. Tom will toss the weights around, and Paul will show the Irish and others, that there are Irishmen in the United States who can run the half in less than two minutes, and the mile under four twenty-five. A bodyguard may be provided for these men, who are to visit the "old sod." The "Pipe and Bowl Club," an organization coming from the dreams and the work of Ed Dinneen and Joe Ryan, was founded before Christmas. This club selects its members from all classes and all colleges. It meets once every two weeks, at the supper hour, in some hotel or restaurant, and after dining listens to the talks of several prominent men in South Bend, and an address by a faculty member. Forty members is the quota of the club. Ed Dinneen was elected president of the Club, and Don Ryan secretary-treasurer. At the second meeting of the club, Mayor Seebirt of South Bend spoke, Dan Hickey and Jack Scallan gave short addresses, Don Gallagher and Anse Miller gave shorter addresses, and Father Kerndt Healey was elected honorary president, to act as God-father to his infant club, which, as Jack expressed it, "needed a god-father who would look upon this brain-child of Ed's, a happy kid, understandingly; a man who would typify the very atmosphere of the club—good-fellowship, a desire for culture, broad-minded, etc., etc."—and of course they elected Father Healey.

The Drama Club, long at rest at the University, received new inspiration when Mr. Joseph Reynolds, a graduate of the Leland Powers School, and a speaker and actor of reputation,

THE SCHOLASTIC

came to the University to take over dramatics and reorganize the Club. Mr. Reynolds even at this early date has instilled some of his own enthusiasm into the members of the Club, and plans have been made to produce several one-act plays during the year, the first to be held in Washington Hall on Washington's birthday. One play in particular, being written by a Notre Dame man, is to be the object of special attention and effort. The Drama Club with an enthusiastic membership, lacked only a man who could devote the time to the proper training of the talent there for him. Now that Mr. Reynolds has taken the gavel, (or is it the prompting-book) in hand, great things are expected from this club.

Along in the early part of January, after school was properly started again, and the Daily once more appeared under doors, and over transoms in the early morning, we read that the S. A. C. was going to buy a machine. For a moment we were startled. There are some twenty-three members in the S. A. C. and we were wondering how twenty-three men could ride in one machine, when we were further enlightened down at the bottom of the column that the machine intended was a Grid-Graph, that cause of much nervousness, and mental perturbation on many fall Saturday afternoons. The Glee Club Dance was a great success. It was featured by the new song "Lonely," winner of the South Bend Tribune Contest, and written by two Notre Dame men, La Bedz and Engles.

In the same issues of the Daily we read that Michigan was beaten by Notre Dame 29-25, that Kazoo bowed to the same quintet 22-21, and that a

few days later Loyola played "follow the leader," by adding to the Notre Dame victories, 24-23. McSorley was elected captain of the Hockey team. The Prom was decided upon for May 2nd. The Toledo Club plans an Easter Dance, and so does the Pacific Coast Club. The freshmen are given numerals, and many a proud chest is now adorned with glowing numbers. "Chet" Wynne, familiar and likable personality on the campus a few years back, is again head coach at Creighton University at Omaha. Professor Paul Fenlon talks to the Daily Staff, and encourages them in their efforts. Plans are formulated for getting scholastic credit for those men who write for the Daily.

An organization contest is started by the Daily. The club on the campus receiving most votes by a certain date wins a cup donated by Doctor Stoeckley of South Bend. One cup is given for the city or state club deemed the best, another for the organization on the campus doing the best work for the University and for its members. Competition runs hot and heavy, and the balloting is large. Pipe and Bowl and Toledo Clubs get the jump on the others and hold the lead when this goes to the editor. Scribblers, S. A. C. and Chicago club follow close upon the heels of the leaders, and only guess work can determine the winner at this time. The "Scribblers" hold a banquet. Jack Scallan, Harry McGuire, Dennis O'Neill, and others talk. The affair was a great success, or, as John Brennan would say, "was an affair of considerable aplomb and eclat." Already there have been suggestions for another in the near future.

The Knights of Columbus, after

THE SCHOLASTIC

much preparation, initiate 75 trembling candidates. There is a banquet after the affair, and those who are able to attend hear Father Carroll, Professor Cooney, and James S. O'Brien talk. The ordeal of the afternoon was forgotten under the wit, humor and excellent addresses of the occasion. Debaters for both Professor Shuster and Father Bolger were chosen the second week in January. These men will represent Notre Dame in debates throughout the middle west, debating on two questions this year. More about them and their activities can be read elsewhere in this section.

Notre Dame received with sorrow the news that Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former Notre Dame professor, Ambassador to Denmark, and writer of national reputation, had died in Brooklyn. Dr. Egan spoke at the University a few years ago, and those of us who heard him on that occasion remember him as a kindly old man, full of reminiscences of Notre Dame, and of his life here, and greatly in love with everything that concerned Notre Dame. His poetry, his essays, his criticism, all made him a man of letters, delicate, refined and worthy of a high place in our modern literature, and a distinctively high place in the minds of all Notre Dame men.

Franklin College, acknowledged to be the best basketball team in the middle west if not in the entire country, found it a hard tussle to conquer Notre Dame 19-12. The fight of the basketball team on this occasion will send the Franklin quintet back to Franklin determined to work hard—because Notre Dame meets them again later in the year. A water carnival is planned for the Notre Dame

swimming team late in the month or early in February.

The Freshman Frolic is set for February 29th. The Freshmen are indeed frolicsome to pick this day for a dance. What chance will a poor freshman have on that day? This is woman's day, if, (shades of Nietzsche and Shopenhauer) women ever have a day! The dance will be held at the Palais Royale, and the tickets are, of course, open to purchase by upper-classmen.

Examinations are coming! And as they come, galloping along, ruthless, and unswerving, one is reminded of a few lines from an old song—"And many a heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear the tale of sorrow—" And there is more truth than fiction to that!

And so all of that is just simply that. In conclusion we shall sing a song entitled, "When Night is Morning":

There's many a slip 'twixt a flask and its
hip
But nothing can stop the moon.
There are beautiful maids with their locks
in braids,
As everybody learns too soon.
The wonders of earth, its madness and
mirth
Would take quite long to describe,
But can we divine, what the hour of nine
Has meant to a very famed scribe?
He walked through the snow at twenty be-
low,
And the frost of the night he mocked;
But when he got where lived the little maid
fair
The door, alas, it was locked.

JAMES F. HAYES.

THE SCHOLASTIC

DEBATES AND THE TEAMS.

All of the debating preliminaries have concluded, and with their termination Notre Dame has made the selection of the men upon whom she must rely to uphold the past excellent forensic reputation of the University—a reputation of having won forty-four out of fifty-one debates since 1899 when debating first became a varsity sport.

Father Bolger's team which is debating the "Compulsory Arbitration" question, the unsettlement of which has caused so much industrial strife and unrest, is made up of Victor Lemmer, Lawrence Graner, Barnabos Sears, and Oscar Lavery on the affirmative, and John Stanton, Seymour Weisberger, David Stanton, and Charles Lindeman on the negative. The "World Court" question which involves many judicial points pertaining to International Law, treaties, mandates, and plebiscites, is being handled by Professor Shuster's team consisting of Paul Breen, Sidney Eder, Philip Moore, and Benjamin Piser on the affirmative, and Ray Cunningham, William Coyne, Paul Harrington, and Mark Nolan on the Negative. Only three of these men were on the team last year; Mark Nolan, John Stanton, and Paul Breen.

The first debates in which the "Compulsory Arbitration" teams will participate will be those with Wabash College and DePauw University on Friday evening, March seventh. On this night, the negative will journey to Crawfordsville to match with the clever Wabash orators. The affirmative on this same night in Washington Hall will uphold their end of the discussion against DePauw's select

team which always finds numerous difficulties about which to argue.

Then the week following, in Washington Hall the men on the affirmative of the "World Court" question will meet the Western Reserve debaters who with their polish and convincingness always give the Notre Dame tongues an unusual amount of action. And on this same evening in Indianapolis, the negative team will clash with the eloquent Indiana University forensic representatives to seek revenge for the defeat of last year.

The preliminaries which brought together some eighty aspiring orators, and which also gradually eliminated the majority of them, were characterized by the fiery eloquence, the earnest zeal, and the fighting madness that always accompanies such a competitive affair. At the beginning of the season when all of these men began their fight to make the team, Father Bolger remarked that it was the largest number of candidates that ever had tried out for the team. And then, after the teams finally had been picked Father Bolger was as candid as he was complimentary when he stated that the teams were made up of a larger amount of good individual material than the teams of the past. This probably is due to the fact that a large number of the candidates who had ability, and who ordinarily were rather bashful about making themselves conspicuous in such activities unless coaxed to do so, were urged to try out for the team simply because they believed their chances to be much better with so little varsity material on hand. It was rather a psychological motive that prompted them to act, and in a few cases, one which

earned for them a position on the team. Especially will these men be thankful in the years to come when this college experience shall have better fitted them for mastering the competitive forces in the business world.

—RAY CUNNINGHAM.

VACATION VACUUM.

Two weeks is a long time; two at Christmas is a very long time. Many things can happen in two weeks; many more things than that *do* happen in two weeks at Christmas time. Not only was vacation filled; heaped up, with events; it was running over on both sides. Extra days were taken, in spite of "double cuts," to transfer them all from that column marked Coming Attractions to a place in memory.

But even the most credulous of men would feel faint stirrings of doubt at some of the tales of how vacation was spent. And others, while good, are not exactly desirable here; and so for the time being they must be marked Deleted by Censor. Out of our fast diminishing pile we must next extract events of purely individual interest and after all that, events of purely non-existent interest. The trick is done, gentlemen: nothing remains except activities of various organizations, which some consider less than nothing. We cannot subscribe to that view. There would be nothing to write about if we did.

Only one active campus organization failed to put on some kind of affair during the holidays,—that was the Poultry Club. Every one else was represented. For weeks before December twentieth, the ever reliable

DAILY was filled with plannings of events to startle the folks back home. A Christmas Dance was being planned, the music committee was arranging for an orchestra—the best in the state, of course—, the ballroom of the Hotel Highclass had been secured, prominent alumni were to be present, tickets were now on sale, included in the decorations committee were the following, and so on, ad infinitum. Enthusiasm was wide spread and Club treasurers were happy, for once.

January second and December twenty-seventh were favored dates. On these two nights alone, dances by Notre Dame student Clubs were given in New York, Chicago, Louisville, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, and Toledo. The Rochester Club dance on the Twenty-eighth, the LaSalle County Club dance on the twenty-fifth and the Fort Wayne Club banquet two days later complete the list. So much for statistic.

There is one strange thing about these affairs. Although they were held in various parts of the country and arranged by different groups of men, each agreed with all the others on two things: success and the novelty of its programs. This unanimity is so striking that it has caused considerable comment. Someone suggests that there is a connection between programs and prosperity. Perhaps a new formula for success could be worked out and added to the already overflowing library on the subject?

And the poor exiles back at Notre Dame—how were they spending the time? Things were not so drear as one might expect. Late sleeps, relaxed regulations, good entertainment in South Bend, trips to Chicago,

THE SCHOLASTIC

the formal Pow-Wow of the Pacific Coast Club,—all these helped the time to pass. The principal interest, though, was in the arrival—or non-arrival—of boxes from home. Sometimes they came and sometimes they did not; soemtimes they were delivered and sometimes not; but if the postmaster was not kind one day, Friend Algernon's consignment was always handy. Besides, tomorrow meant new hopes and new chances.

Yes, there was plenty of action those vacation days, plenty to talk about. But remember, all that transpired is not written,—not by a jugful.

—JAMES WITHEY.

MARK NOLAN, BREEN MEDALIST.

Mark E. Nolan, by his defense of the Supreme Court, in his speech, "The Guardian of the Constitution," became Breen Medalist for this year.

The gist of Nolan's speech was, that while at times the Supreme Court had seemed opposed to the public interests, it had always stood the test. He vigorously opposed those, who, like Senator LaFollette, would eliminate or limit the powers that the Supreme Court holds as interpreter of the Constitution.

The matter of his speech showed originality, and a fine handling of the subject. Except for his pacing mode of speech, Nolan's delivery was the most impressive of the four finalists.

Paul T. Breen's speech was diametrically opposed to Nolan's, in that he attacked the courts, with the Supreme Court as a notable offender, for their injustice to labor. His subject, "The Tyrant Law," dealt with the set-

backs that our American courts have given to labor legislation.

Breen, as someone has said, reminds one of Douglas—a small man possessed of an unusually strong voice, perhaps one even too vigorous. His speech was filled with both gestures and smiles. Breen, like Nolan, is a member of the World Court debating team.

Charles A. McAllister, C. S. C., left the judicial, and spoke on the moral difficulties of the day. His speech, "The Spirit of the Age," was a tirade against the super-modernism of these times. Our misuse of the telephone and automobile, the misuse of toxic gases, and the rationalism of our day, were attacked by him.

McAllister's voice is promising, being both pleasing and powerful, and well under his control. And as that previously mentioned someone said to us, his delivery is serene and it seems to flow like a river in August.

In his speech, "The Bulwark of the American Republic," Raymond M. Norris, C. S. C., pointed out the necessity for great men of America to sacrifice personal ends for those of their country. He gave as examples the monks of the Middle Ages. His delivery showed some endeavor.

Mark Nolan has been consistent in his oratorical efforts, having won both a Freshman and Junior oratorical contest, and has been a member of the debating teams for the past three years.

Nolan is one of the most popular men on the campus. He is a member of the S. A. C., and was the chairman of the Student Trip committee this year which made possible the longest and most successful ever attempted by the student body.

Nolan will not only receive the Breen Medal, but by winning the contest he has earned the right to represent the University in the State Oratorical Contest. Raymond Gallagher won the contest for Notre Dame last year.

—GERALD HOLLAND.

MODIFYING THE CURRICULUM.

THE NEW PROGRAM IN THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS.

At a recent meeting of educationists, it was gravely asserted by a venerable authority on the subject that "a curriculum is a curriculum." By this he possibly meant to assure his hearers that a curriculum labored under the heavy handicap of having to remain just itself, and to be contented with its sad lot. And really its lot is sad because, of all instruments educational, it receives most abuse and enjoys least peace. But there is a strong probability, too, he meant to insinuate that, labor as we may, we can never make of it anything else but a means to an end, and that no amount of pedagogical or philosophical juggling will ever succeed in severing its connection with the particular end it may be called upon to serve.

The seeming levity of the speaker may be quickly overlooked when it is remembered that the mass of modern educational science has concerned itself with perfecting the means of education,—and the curriculum has received the lion's share of attention—while all along there was comparatively little thought and less agreement about its proper aim. Given the clear purpose of education, construct-

ing a curriculum may still be difficult, but it will not be impossible.

To construct a curriculum is to draw up a plan or program of studies with the conviction, based either upon abstract reasoning or concrete experience, that it will fulfill the purpose for which it was designed, i. e. presumably, to turn out a man who may rightly be called educated. A radical difference in curricula points infallibly to radically divergent conceptions of the end of education, and hence of life, for which, generally speaking, it is a preparation. Confusion as to the meaning and purpose of life, hazy, incoherent notions as to its relative values cannot but result in confusion worse confounded in the building of a curriculum.

One of the most pitiful admissions ever made by any modern educator—and all the more pitiful because very largely true—fell from the lips of that ardent champion of sane educational policies, Professor Meiklejohn, when he said: "America today, like the countries of Europe and the rest of the world, America particularly, doesn't know what to think about any of the essential features of human experience. We are lost and mixed up and bewildered, and if you ask what is the matter with our young people, it is just because they know it in their bones, whether they know it with their minds or not, we haven't got a gospel, a philosophy, we haven't in the proper sense of a term a religion to give them. . . . We are lost in a maze that faces us today as an American people of gathering together again the fragments of our experience, the theories of life, the parts of our knowledge, and making out of them again a scheme of life by which

THE SCHOLASTIC

people may go on in some sort of commands of their old faith.”*

Fortunately this charge is not true of Catholic Colleges. At any rate, not wholly true. For whatever may be their defects, and they are not hard to find, their Faculties have no doubt about “the essential features of human experience,” nor are their students ever at a loss to recognize the accepted Gospel or philosophy. And as for religion “in the proper sense of a term,” precisely in it is found the origin of our schools, the chief apology—though none is needed—for their existence, and the only certain guarantee of their future success.

What disturbance to Catholic Colleges has come from the general departure from tradition by other institutions of learning, what deviations from ideals and methods that in theory were held to be higher, has been chiefly due to the influence of the *zeitgeist*. While it is true, that certain concessions were necessarily made because of legislation on educational matters, more frequently they were made because of the pressure of ideas which, having first gained wide acceptance in the intellectual order, gradually became incorporated in concrete curricula and school organization. These, even though not wholly approved, could not be entirely ignored. For the transfer of our students to and from the various non-Catholic Colleges made it necessary to maintain certain contacts with them, and hence also some degree of conformity with their varied and ever varying scholastic policies.

It is not to be supposed that in the general upheaval introduced by the exaggerated electivism of the last two decades, the consequent multiplication of departments and sundering of all definable unity of plan in the conception of the general body of knowledge, and of its mode of acquisition, the feverish activity on all sides of revising older methods of teaching, of study and of measuring its results, no good has been done, nor any progress made. It is not inconsistent to grant, as we do, that there has been much progress along particular lines, and at the same time to deny that the net result has been beneficial.

That the introduction of unlimited electivism was a mistake is now admitted even by its former champion. The bulletins of some of the leading universities show that at least in the Colleges of Arts and Letters, or Arts and Sciences, there is a return to the uniform prescribed program for the first year men, and in some few for the Sophomores as well. This indicates a reversal toward the traditional practice of postponing any permission to specialize until a foundation of general knowledge had been laid, and to the traditional principle that, since the general body of knowledge constitutes an organic whole, to limit attention to some particular aspect, or to a few unrelated aspects of it, before apprehending the unity of the whole could result in nothing short of intellectual narrowness, — and shallowness. It indicates too a partial re-acceptance of the theory that the primary function of a liberal education is to develop intellectual power, rather than mere erudition, or cleverness in any special branch of learning. Finally, it points to the ad-

* “Unifying the Liberal College Curriculum,” p. 21, Ass’n of Am. Colleges, New York.

THE SCHOLASTIC

mission, long denied, that there are within the long and ever lengthening list of subjects for study, certain of them which, better than any others, are able to acquaint the beginner with the unity of knowledge, develop mental power and intellectual balance,—in a word, start him on the highway to real culture, to a genuine liberal education.

Catholic educators, not having wandered so far on this byway of electivism and splintered curricula, have fewer steps to retrace, fewer and smaller readjustments to make. Rather, since the pendulum, pushed by the unbridled zeal of influential innovators to extreme limits, has swung back to what appears to be a stable and well-founded medium, not a few of them find it advisable, at least for practical purposes, to yield ground which throughout the revolution about them they had stubbornly retained, and venture a pace or two in the opposite direction.

In educational matters Notre Dame has always been conservative. That is tantamount to saying that she has never given up the traditional Catholic conception of education which, including as it does a definite and settled conviction about the nature of man and his purpose in life, shuts out all possibility of any really radical change in educational philosophy.

This however does not exclude the possibility of all progress. True progress in education consists in the gradual improvement in the application of theories that are basically sound, not in continually seeking for new bases. Progress involves the change, but not the destruction of the subject changing. Education has to

do with man, and man's nature and destiny being unalterable, the general means suitable to that nature for attaining its destiny, or perfection, are also essentially unalterable. As to details, there is room for progress, change for the better, because not only must new knowledge be incorporated with the old, but improved methods must likewise be adopted, new problems solved, new needs satisfied, new situations confronted, new demands met. While our educators must take cognizance of these and be ever ready and prompt to profit by any real improvement in methods of teaching or study, of organization or administration, they must also estimate the value of each new contribution to educational science by their threefold standard,—man's rational nature, his duties to society, his supreme purpose in life.

The College of Arts and Letters in the University has seen fit to modify its general curriculum. This modification was not made hastily, but after months of serious study and earnest discussion. The change cannot be considered radical for it involves no departure from traditional ideals, the ideals of liberal and Catholic education. It consists rather in such a readjustment of time elements, programs of study and degrees offered as seems necessary not only to eliminate the unnecessary inconveniences and, in some instances, actual hardships suffered by students transferring to us from other Colleges, or vice versa, but also in order to bring our requirements, both for teachers and students, into closer conformity with standards approved and accepted as well by Catholic as by secular educational experts.

THE SCHOLASTIC

Heretofore seven specific degrees have been offered by the College of Arts and Letters. Among other Universities, several offered but two, while the more common practice is to offer only one, and that the Bachelor of Arts. It is assumed that from the cultural point of view, all programs of study in a Liberal Arts College are substantially equivalent, and hence that the degree A. B. may be suitably granted for all of them. Again, while the College required, with one exception, an average of 174 credit hours for an undergraduate degree in all its departments, most Universities demanded a considerably lower total. The best standardizing agencies set the minimum at 120. The actual minimum in any College is 108, the maximum, 176.

Owing to the advantages afforded by the peculiar environment of Notre Dame, the Faculty of Arts and Letters adopted in this matter a medium of 144 hours. This reduction will obviously lower also the total number of class hours to a maximum of 18 per week.

If in the new regulations a larger number of electives is permitted, it should be observed that not only is the number relatively small in comparison with the total number of required hours, but also that the subjects permitted are such as either find a legitimate place in a liberal arts curriculum, or are accepted only at the discretion in each instance of the departmental heads in which the student is enrolled. Thus, though there is a greater latitude permitted, there is no departure from the traditional policy of strictly modified electivism. Moreover, aside from the greater flexibility thereby gained, the

needs, the talents and the desires of special students, the utility, and even the cultural value of new branches of knowledge, more than justify the larger freedom in this matter.

The curriculum as modified may be set down briefly thus: In the College of Arts and Letters there will be departments of Philosophy, Classical Languages, English, History, Economics, Politics, Sociology, Education, Journalism, Library Science, Modern Languages and Music. The programs of studies in all departments lead to the Bachelor of Arts degree. The total number of credit hours required for this degree is 144. Of these hours the following 78 are prescribed for all programs: Philosophy 12, Latin 12, English 18, Social Science 9, History 9, Religion 8, Public Speaking 4, Science or Mathematics or Music 6; 39 hours are allotted to the individual departments for distribution over subjects falling peculiarly within their province; the remaining 27 hours are elective. There shall be a minimum of 21 hours for a major, and of 18 for a minor subject.

The program of studies for Freshmen in all departments of the College will be the same, i. e., Latin 6 hours, English 8, History 6, Science or Mathematics or Music 6, Public Speaking 4, and Religion 8. In the second term, 3 hours of Politics are added. A special director will have charge of Freshman work. These regulations will take effect at the beginning of the fall term of 1924. *All students then registering will be required to carry the subject inscribed on the then existing program for the respective years of their College courses in whatever department they may be enrolled.*

We are not unaware that there are some who regret the abandonment of the long-established program in which three to four years of Latin and two to three of Greek were required, and for which the degree A. B. was exclusively given. It is their opinion to grant a Bachelor of Arts degree with no Greek and considerably less Latin is to deprive that appellation of its time-honored connotation, and to deal a severe blow to the ideal of liberal education.

Without entering into a detailed discussion as to the precise amount of study devoted to Classical Languages that may be necessary to justify one in calling such an educational program "liberal,"—though the writer is not willing to grant any *a priori* assumption that the traditional number of years is necessary—he readily concedes that in the abstract the old Latin-Greek program ordinarily leads to greater intellectual culture. But the Faculty of Arts and Letters, responsible for this modification, fortunately or unfortunately, felt constrained to discuss the problem also from a practical viewpoint. Even in educational matters, though one may oppose public opinion and the spirit of the times, one cannot wholly ignore it.

Now the fact is that our classical A. B. program had been almost totally ignored for years by succeeding generations of students. It was like a splendid custom of the good old days, the passing of which many mourned, but which none know how to restore. Seekers of education, a choice few excepted, had cast it aside. Hence, though the figure must be changed, since it was not possible to bring Mohammed to the mountain, it

was considered wise to begin bringing at least a part of the mountain to Mohammed, with the ulterior design of bringing along the whole of it once there could be revived in him the enjoyment of its delightful panoramas and its bracing atmosphere. However, neither Greek nor Latin has been discarded from the curriculum. By electing the classical language sequence the student who so desires may take as many hours of both as heretofore. And in electing any other program all students must take at least two years (he may take more) of Latin which he did not have to take before. Two years of Latin are included in the entrance requirement in case the student has had no Latin in the secondary school. Half a loaf is better than no bread, says the proverb, and if the bread is well made and well served, it is but reasonable to expect an increased appetite for more of it. "*L'appetito viene mangiando.*"

Finally, as for the degree of A. B. losing its traditional significance, nothing more need be said than it may still justly be claimed to indicate that its possessor has had a liberal arts training,—which is all it ever has really meant.

— REV. CHARLES C. MILTNER,

C. S. C., PH. D.

Dean of the College of Arts
and Letters.

THE SCHOLASTIC

REVIEWS.

"THE CHURCH YEAR." BY THE REV. DR. STIEGLITZ; The Macmillan Company, New York.

—Catechists who follow the Munich, or "Newer Psychological" method of instruction, will welcome the latest addition to the literature of this method, Father Kreugler's translation of Dr. Stieglitz's *The Church Year*. The thirty-five chapters cover the liturgical period during the school year. They contain much excellent material for grade school instruction.

"LORD BOUNTIFUL." BY REV. F. J. FINN; Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.00.

—This, the latest tale by a well-known and beloved writer for boys, will surely gain a crowd of interested readers. Cincinnati is the scene of the story, and Joe Dowling its hero. He is a splendid boy, and the circumstances in which he lives make most of his actions dramatic enough. It cannot be said, however, that the present book is at all on a par with its distinguished predecessors, "Percy Wynn" and "Tom Playfair." What Catholic boy cannot recall the refined Percy's request, "Put out the lights, Mr. Prefect I'm in bed!" Those are classic lines in Catholic juvenile literature.

"IN GOD'S COUNTRY." BY NEIL BOYNTON, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$2.00.

—The Jesuits have surely undertaken the task of supplying light reading matter for the average Catholic public of the United States. We wish the present author success. Having written a juvenile or two, he presents now a series of short stories for more advanced readers. These are fairly well told, have strange and absorbing settings, and are guaranteed to hold the attention of readers who care more for a yarn than for life or literary technique.

Among additions of note to the literary resources of the University Library, there is the *London Spectator*, with its weekly wealth of comment on life and literature. The *Spectator* is well worth while looking into, and besides is a real tonic by reason of its being so thoroughly English.

A NOTE ON NEWS HISTORY.

An associated news item, of December 12th, 1923, from Galesburg, Illinois, calls attention to the acquisition by Knox College of an original impression of Diderot's Encyclopedia and (the after, in) commenting upon this work and its prohibition by the French Government in 1757, states that it "was resumed when Madame de Pompadour asked the King if she might have it to find out how her rouge and silk stocking were made." This last statement in quotations, illustrates how differently a popular story from History is often told, and sometimes given out as fact. Voltaire, was the first to give the story general circulation. He states that he received his information from a servant of Louis XV.

The occasion of the anecdote was a dinner at the Trianon Palace given by the King to a few of his intimates. The time is not stated. In the midst of the conversation, a discussion of the proper composition of gunpowder came up and it gave rise to a decided expression of opinion by the Duke of LaValliere. The Duke of Niverois then bemoaned the fact that they knew so little of a thing in such common use. At the same time, Madame de Pompadour regretted that she knew nothing of the composition of her rouge and the manufacture of her silk stockings. The King was chided for confiscating the volumes of the Encyclopedia which many of the company had purchased and which would give them all the information which they sought. The King defended his action by the argument that he had been told that the books contained much that was dangerous to the monarchy. He added that he wished to look into them first before allowing them to be read. Following the meal the King sent for a set of the Encyclopedia and the twenty-one volumes were brought in by three servants. Then it was, according to the story, that the Duke of LaValiere proved his contention as to the composition of the best gunpowder and Madame de Pompadour learned for the first time the secrets of her rouge and the manufacture of her stockings. All the company are then represented as eagerly examining the volumes and learning from them much useful knowledge. The King does not see why the people spoke so unfavorably of them, and

THE SCHOLASTIC

a Count of C— expresses strong arguments against the injustice of prohibiting the use of these books and induces the King to allow the books to be returned to his guests.

This is the substance of the story as told by Voltaire. Now let us look at this incident historically. The first seven volumes were all that had appeared up to 1757. The editor, Diderot, and his publishers decided that the work would go on privately and that no further volumes should be published until the ten volumes, which would complete the alphabet, were ready. These were later published for the first time in 1765 so that only seven volumes were accessible up to that time, and these extended only to the letter "G." Madame de Pompadour, who was represented as being present at the dinner in the Trianon Palace when the twenty-one volumes were brought in and who looked up the subject "rouge," died in April, 1764, when only seven volumes had been published and before the volume containing "rouge" was published in volume form.

Thus we see how stories, often invented to serve some purpose of the writer, are told in various forms and sometimes pass for History. Voltaire here was apparently interested in popularizing the Encyclopedia, and, in his eagerness to show the value of it, either failed to note in his story the chronological discrepancy or was unconcerned about the truth of the incident.

There is no objection to this as a good story but it should not pass for historical fact. One may read this little fiction of Voltaire's, as translated by Edward J. Lowell in "The Eve of the Revolution," pp. 250-257. In a foot note Lowell calls attention to the fact that John Morley has pointed out that Madame de Pompadour died before the volumes containing "Poudre" and "Rouge" were published.

E. J. Lowell in "The Eve of the French Revolution," states in a footnote on page 248: "Unless we can enter into the state of mind of men who can tell great lies from a genuine love of abstract truth, we shall never understand the French Philosophers of the 18th Century."

—WILLIAM FARRELL.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

(Anent much recent biography)

The little room was cloudy with the smoke of many cigarettes and damp with the smell of illicit beer. On opposite sides of one of its three tables are seated two old men; on the table between them are two glass steins of beer. One, apparently the older of the two, takes a long drink from his stein and brushes his hand across his foam-crust ed mustache before he comments on the other's answer to his question:

"So you're sixty-eight. . . . Then you remember Lincoln?"

"I remember him, though I was but a boy. . . . A great man, Lincoln. One of the greatest we have ever had. . . . I remember the night he was shot as if it were but yesterday. We were living in Washington, then, —not far from the Ford Theater. A crowd gathered in the street. I scarcely knew what it was all about. A great man died that night." (He takes a drink from the stein before him.). . . . "A very clever man. . . . I've always remembered a story told about his cleverness. One day while walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, he was stopped by a woman who asked him if he could tell her where Pennsylvania Avenue was. 'I certainly can,' said Lincoln; 'You're on it.'" (He laughed). . . . "A clever man, Lincoln."

The other old man laughed in appreciation of Lincoln's cleverness; then took another drink of beer. "A very clever man," he repeated, ". . . and he was always a gentleman. I suppose you've heard the story about meeting the colored woman. . . . No? . . . Well, Lincoln was walking with a friend one morning; they met an old colored woman who wished them 'good morning.' Lincoln returned her greeting. 'What,' cried his friend in surprise; 'Do you speak to niggers?' 'I never allow myself to be outdone in courtesy by anyone' was Lincoln's reply. He was always a gentleman. . . . A great man, Lincoln.

"A great man, Lincoln. . . ." agreed his companion.

—E. T. LYONS.

THE SCHOLASTIC

LOCAL TRANSLATORS OF THE IMMORTAL HORACE.

One of the surest ways of telling whether or not a department of the Classics is flourishing is to see what is being done in the way of translated verses. College Latin students, under the direction of their genial instructor, Rev. Peter Hebert, C. S. C., have been pestering the office of this magazine with instances of their wit and knowledge. Many of these are so good that we take pleasure in reproducing several here.

The first is entitled, "Leuconoe."

Seek not, I pray, 'tis hid away,
For me or thee what omens say.
Trifle not what be our lot
Leuconoe.

What odds, I say, if death delay;
Or if this year, when seas wear grey
The chalky vast, should be our last,
Leuconoe?

Be prudent, pray. In goblets gay
Pour wine, and in the passing day
Live on and long by hopeful song,
Leuconoe.

Time slips away ere we can say
'Tis even here. Cull joy today,
Leuconoe.

The second, somewhat more mournful, is entitled "Jealousy," and comes from the pen of Eustace Cullinan, Jr.

O Lydia, when'er have charms
For you, the ruddy neck and arms
Snow-white, of Telephus, the bile
Inflames my liver all the while.
Then neither constant is my mind,
Which shifts with every wanton wind,—
My color comes and disappears
With the reluctant flood of tears
That oft adown these sad cheeks roll,
To prove the ardor of my soul.
I am consumed by eager flame
To know if wine-born quarrels claim
Their tainting toll on shoulders white;
Whether the ardent youth requite
His passion, when in long caress,
He leave upon your lips impress
Of ugly tooth; 'tis my advice

Not to expect the sacrifice
Of faith from him who wouldst dismiss
And wound the sweetness of that kiss,
Which Venus, with celestial art,
Has imbued the one fifth part
Of all her nectar. They have found
Thrice happiness and more, who bound
Together by devotion fond,
Are linked by an eternal bond,
Whose love will never know the taint
Of severance by base complaint,
Nor sooner than the final day
Be separate,—Ah happy they!

The third, a winsome ditty entitled, "To Pyrrha," is the work of an unknown author.

What dainty lad bedewed with perfumes
rare
On rosied plot
Of pleasant grot
Is courting you? For whom do you prepare
With studied artlessness your golden hair?
O Pyrrha!

How oft capricious gods and perfidies
Shall he deplore;
Yet all the more
Amazed be, unwonted, at the seas
Becoming boist'rous by a sable breeze;

Who untried now enjoys thee all too bold;
Who hopes you be
Forever free
And loveable; of flattering gales untold.
Unhappy they to whom you seem all gold!
O Pyrrha!

By picture vowed, the walls of Neptune's
shrine
In truth attest
That I, thrice-blest,
Have hung my garments, dripping with the
brine,
To the pelagic ruler, stern, divine.

THE SCHOLASTIC

SAN CELESTINO.

My first reading of San Celestino was a keen disappointment. Why had the author depicted a Sovereign Pontiff, a Saint, as a weakling afraid to assume the responsibilities to which he had been lawfully elected? Was the character portrayal of the author true to the original, or bred by the imagination of the writer? I searched in vain for historic evidence of the facts, but could find no other clue than that the illustrious founder of the Celestines had resigned the Holy See in favor of a hermit's life. He is the only Pope among the successors of St. Peter who voluntarily laid down the cross of Christendom.

What was his motive? I reopened the book determined to wrest from its pages the secret. I had not long to search. The literary acumen of the author is in evidence from the first chapter. John Ayscough introduces his hero at the most critical time of life, the early adolescent period, when inherited tendencies show forth; when character is molded by environment and guidance; and when the ideas and ideals of youth are paramount in the formation of a new personality.

The future Pope is introduced to us as a selfconscious lad with a supersensitive nature which shrinks and winces at the merest allusion to a personal defect; a conscience so delicate that it will not permit him to rest until he has asked pardon and done penance for a slight outbreak of human nature; and a soul already enshrouded with the mystic veil of spirituality.

While his father and brothers live a very commonplace everyday life, Petruccio's life is far from commonplace. He spends much of his time in day-dreams, communing with the Saints in whose footsteps he has already begun to walk in self-denial and deeds of charity. Fortunately for him he has an understanding and sympathetic mother, the gift that God so often gives to great men—even to His own Divine Son. Carmela knew by intuition that God had intrusted to her keeping a rare soul. How to guide that soul, and further the designs of God, became the problem of her life. Petruccio was so different from his work-a-day brothers. They lived in the present and chose

practical pursuits. Religion to them was a duty with certain obligations to be fulfilled. But to Petruccio religion was the breath of life. Even at this tender age his asceticism had developed to such a decree that the lad found no pleasure in material things except as they were used in the service of God. He lived with the Church. His play consisted in building an altar and imitating the priest at saying Mass.

Carmela fostered these pious practices. She made vestments for him and encouraged him with pious stories of the saints and martyrs, and kept ever before his mind examples of the goodness, purity and heroism of these heroes of the Church. Nonna, his grandmother, fired his imagination by the battles of the Popes in their efforts to keep the unity of the faith from the attacks of bad emperors and heretics.

For Petruccio these stories had an irresistible fascination. In his little cave, in the garden, they became his daily food and formed the basis of an absorbing passion for penance and reparation to the offended majesty of God. No wonder then, that his hero worship was given to Gregory VII., the exiled Pontiff who said, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

The author presents here the striking contrast between the youth and his ideal hero. Gregory was firm, courageous, militant; Petruccio was timid, vacillating, faint-hearted at best. Yet both of these men did a great work for the Church. Gregory on the field of battle led the fight; Petruccio remained behind the bulwark and furnished God's warriors with the ammunition of prayer and penance.

"The little Heavenly One" began his life work on the rock in the garden of his home. It needed but the kind advice of Fra Taddeo to direct it into the right channel; and soon the youth was on his way to Salerno to become a priest.

The incident of his farewell visit to his pastor, in which he drew the comparison between Fra Taddeo and Messer Andrea, shows his tendency toward the monastic state. This is emphasized again in the experience he had with the secular priests whom he met at his uncle's. He prefers the rough soldiers who were kind to him to the priests who ignored him, and whose conver-

THE SCHOLASTIC

sation failed to edify him. While this judgment betrays the pique of human nature, it also indicates that the embryo monk within him is beginning to stir and unfold under the trials and temptations which beset him.

His uncle's indifferent attitude towards him awakens his self responsibility and compels him to independence of thought and act. He adapts himself at once to the situation and makes himself comfortable and at home in his new quarters. Felicia proves an admirable landlady, in spite of her secretiveness, which furnishes the only touch of humor in the life story of this great book.

With the introduction of Guito, Omero, Raniero, and Alfeo, the fellow students at the university, we get a glimpse of student life and its reaction of social intercourse upon our future Saint. Poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, the fine arts, to which our hero has been a stranger hitherto, are presented to him in their most attractive forms by these youthful representatives; but he remains impervious to their charm. Alfeo's "*Dies irae*" alone, has power to move him because it touches the vital spark in his nature by referring to the offended majesty of God and retributive justice. When Alfeo deliberately tries the seductive charms of music by appealing to the sensuous emotions, his art fails to arouse any response except one of pity for the artist.

These chapters on the effect of the arts on the soul of Petruccio are remarkably clever. They point conclusively to the fact, that when the love of God has taken full possession of a soul there is no room for another passion; they also demonstrate that sanctity possesses a subtle power which unconsciously pervades the secret recesses of the hearts of those who come in contact with it. Thus we find that the seed of a religious vocation was implanted in the souls of these young men who used their arts to tempt Petruccio; while the abuse to which these gifts may be put filled him with a detestation of worldliness and intensified his longing to be alone with God.

He had not long to wait. His visit to Corpo di Gava and to the tombs of the Abbots of Cluny reacted upon his soul as the steel to the magnet, and confirmed his belief that the monastic life was the nearest

to God on earth. Yet his great humility made him feel that even for this holy state he was unworthy.

Events quickly followed which soon brought him to the desired goal. His social sensitiveness and morbid disposition caused him to be misunderstood by his professor who regarded him as unqualified for the holy priesthood and consequently discouraged him. His fellow students admired his sanctity but avoided him. By these trials God stripped his naturally affectionate nature from all desire of social intercourse. He left the university to seek solitude. If he was unworthy to become a priest he could at least pray and do penance for the wicked world which he hated.

Up in the mountains away from all dwellings, he found a rocky den which he made his home. Here he could serve God as he desired. So he thought. But the Holy Spirit who was directing his life, inspired his former companions to persuade him to receive ordination.

His journey to the hated city of Rome is graphically described by the author, who in his psycho-analysis and command of detail, seems to have lived again the life of his hero.

After having been elected to the sacred priesthood one would fancy that Petruccio's mental disturbances would be quieted. But the words of Messer Andrea: "That is good if you have the right vocation. It is bad when one tries to be a priest without it. That is why the Church has been cursed with false shepherds who have devoured the simple sheep," recurred to torture his tender conscience; and stricken with terror and remorse he started for Rome to cast himself at the feet of the Vicar of Christ and to abide by his decision.

The vision of the Benedictine Abbot, who appeared to him and told him God awaited him at Monte Murrone, sent him back to his hermitage where he found Alfeo whom God had sent to become the first member of the order Petruccio was to found. In the years that followed men of every sort, nobles and peasants, soldiers and priests, came to join the celebrated Celestine monks, whose life of vigorous penance, prayers and almsgiving, sustained the Papacy during the most turbulent period of its history. For over forty years the humble Abbot Petruccio labored,

THE SCHOLASTIC

and at his death six-hundred monks called him "Founder and Father."

Petruccio was seventy-four years of age and had lived under fifteen Popes. Nicholas IV, the last of the fifteen, was dead and the Church was without a head. The Cardinals in conclave at Perugia could not come to a decision as to who would be Pope. For twenty-seven months Petruccio and his monks had prayed that God would enlighten the Cardinals to select a worthy successor to the Papal Throne. Like a flash of lightning on a clear summer day came the answer to that prayer. "The tired Church needed a saint more than a politician" and Pietro di Murrone, the hermit of Sulmona, was unanimously proclaimed Pope.

The life of our hero as depicted by the author, in these last chapters is pathetic in the extreme. The history of the church during his lifetime, had been one of incessant conflicts, from within, and without; and the occupancy of the Papacy had been the storm center of the warring factions.

Petruccio had a full knowledge of the facts. We are not surprised, therefore, to find him overwhelmed with horror at the unexpected responsibility placed upon him. He, the simplest and meekest of men, had been chosen to stem the roaring torrent of

political intrigue that threatened to engulf the Holy Sea. God had chosen the weak to confound the strong. But it was only to throw oil upon the troubled waters so that the Bark of Peter could right itself in the storm.

Pope Celestine's humble spirit recognized this truth, and at the psychological moment he resigned the helm into the strong and masterful hands of Boniface VIII. All his life he had but one desire, to be unnoticed and unknown except by God. He knew his limitations; but he also knew that the love of God has no limitations and this he possessed to the fullest extent of his being. He died in the order of Sanctity and was canonized twenty-nine years later after his death.

In order to appreciate this classical work of John Ayscough, the reader must go back to the period of the Middle Ages and live in the atmosphere of its Faith, its politics and its works. The book reminds one of a fine piece of tapestry which the writer has skillfully woven with historic threads. But unless the reader has the love of God in his heart, and the eye of Faith in his soul, he is apt to see the wrong side, and miss the beautiful design with which God has adorned His Church.

—SISTER M. CECILIA

THE SCHOLASTIC

EDUCATION ELSEWHERE.

BY RAY. CUNNINGHAM.

THE FALL OF WINTER.

"Skating seems to be the correct thing this quarter," avers the Valparaiso *Torch*. "However, there are still lots of folks who hate to break the ice." Yes, and those who do not sometimes do!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S AN EXCUSE.

We understand that five eds and five co-eds at Wisconsin University have been penalized for various kinds of cribbing. They were placed on probation and required to earn from three to ten extra credits towards graduation. These penalties, we believe, are too severe. The faculty failed in all probability to consider that we are all human, and having been raised in a cradle are all liable to crib.

WHY DEATH?

"Give me leisure, or give me death."

Exchange, (Not by Patrick Henry.)

Death would make a poor alternative choice for some if hell is what Sherman said war is.

ALIKE DIFFERENCES.

The Indiana Daily questions, "Do you know why a giraffe and a rhinoceros are alike?" Immediately we recalled Mark Twain's epigrammatic expression on contrast, and before we had read further we repeated to ourselves: "Because they are so different." But that was not the proper answer. We should have said, "Because neither can ride a bicycle." And so when we were reading through the *Campionette* a few moments later, we stumbled onto a similar question, and we were prepared not to make the same mistake. It asked: "Why does a Ford car remind one of Coue?" We read no more, and simply replied: "Because neither can ride a bicycle." But again we missed. We should have said, "Auto-suggestion." We give up!

TYPICAL SOUTH BEND DRAMA.

(Apologies to *Daily Northwestern*.)

ACT 1.

They went into a movie show
In time to see the start;
And prim, precise, and proper quite
They sat like this-----apart.

ACT 2.

But, Oh, the hero wooed the lass,
And once he stole a kiss;
And when the lights came on again
They sat closeuplikethis.

ACT 3.

(The same as the last stanza of act 1.)

SO WE ARE TOLD.

It's all over now," said the co-ed as she finished powdering her face.—*The Torch*.

As a rule that is a sign that it is just beginning.

HAUT DAUGH!

No longer is the famous "hot-dog" socially ostracised and restricted as a luncheon to that class of individuals that inhabit the Bohemian quarters and the haunts of the underworld. This sudden elevation of the lowly "hot-dog" to a high social status is caused by the co-eds at Oregon University who have become so fond of them that they can no longer do without them; and quite naturally, if the feminine approval has been so given, the "hot-dog" has made its debut and its universal popularity is now assured.

"Just as many college women as men stop each day for hot dogs," the *Emerald* informs us, and "they lean their elbows on the blue glass counter, exchange comments, and watch with the eyes of a connoisseur the wieners sizzle. The bun is split evenly and in this compartment three halves of wieners are slid. Mustard? O, yes, the process of garnishing is superintended and directed to suit the fickle palate of each maiden." No mention was made, however, about them ordering 'em up" smothered in onions." But then, even if they do we do not blame them for not wanting to breathe it to a soul.



WONDERING.

Ashe: Did you hear that my aunt died and left me \$50,000.

Murphy: No-oo.???

Ashe: Neither did I. I was just wondering.

THE QUESTION ETERNAL.

"Sweetheart," he gulped, as a look of anguish lighted his eyes and he nervously turned the ring on his finger. "Sweetheart, there is something that I want to ask you. Something that has been on the lips of every man at least once in his life."

She snuggled closer, "Y-e-s-s?" and two brown eyes were raised to his tortured ones.

"Sweetheart," he stammered, "I'm afraid to ask this because I'm afraid of your answer."

"Ask it, John," she echoed and took his hand in hers to lend him courage.

"Well then," he stopped and then blurted, "Well, what time is it? I think I missed my car."

He: I think that they're running these Borrowing-Roommates Clothes jokes ragged.

Cup: And I'm about fed up on restaurant jokes.

Salesman: Now this airplane reaches an altitude of three miles.

Prospect. And how much is it?

Salesman: Ten thousand dollars.

Prospect: Let's see something at about two hundred feet.

TWENTIETH CENTURY BOTANY.

A questioner to the W. G. N. asks: I will thank you to tell me through your column if it is injurious to one to sleep in a room where there are plants.

—M. B.

(This one is so easy that we are going to answer it ourselves.)

Yes, M. B., Beware of:

1. Ice plants
2. Ammunition plants
3. Rapaccini's garden.

LEAP YEAR.

Jim (watching his roommate sheik up): How come all the attention to the looks tonight?

Peter: Helen and I are going to the "Her Last Chance" tonight and I just know she'll propose when we get home.

SPIKE.

My Uncle had a lion named Spike
And used to tease it kinda like
With ball bats, pinchers, guns and such
(The lion seemed not to mind it much
Although he acted shy.)

Then one day uncle locked a chain
About his wrist and round Spike's mane,
And pulled Spike up from where he sat.
They went to take a walk like that.
(Though Spike still acted shy.)

Now Spike came home quite late that night
(My uncle was no where in sight)
And purred with such a funny note—
We found the chain led down his throat,
And that I think was why.

—KOLARS.

WHAT'S WHAT IN ATHLETICS.

THOMAS COMAN.

THE SEASON'S ALL-AMERICANS.

D ECEMBER was the signal for the annual appearance of the mythical All-American, and other all-something teams, which various sport writers take it upon themselves to issue. Probably one of the safest ways to analyze the mythical football situation which yearly causes no small amount of trouble, due to jealousy or foiled anticipations, is to have recourse to the opinion of Knute K. Rockne, who when interviewed by the NOTRE DAME DAILY, was credited with the following opinion: "All-Americans are nothing but guess work, and it is a case of singling out the most spectacular player to award him mythical honors."

Thousands of Notre Dame followers throughout the country received a bit of a surprise when the so-called authoritative All-American made its appearance. The Fighting Irish failed to land a place on the first team, although Harvey Brown, the inimitable captain of the 1923 machine, was accorded a berth on the second team.

Here again we might revert to Rockne's views, which explain to no little extent why Notre Dame does not land the first team position. "Notre Dame has players," said Rockne, who would be just as competent as those picked to carry the title of All-American. But to pick out one of the Irish players and call him better than his teammates would be impossible due to the fact that every man on the team plays only as well as the rest of them."

Another phase that puts a blight on the authenticity of the mythical elevens, is the fact that no one sport writer could possibly see all the teams in the country in action during the one season. Even though he confined his efforts to the major schools, it is very often the case that small schools possess players of exceptional ability, who if they had a chance to show on the "big time circuit," would stand a better chance of being honored.

Notre Dame may not have won a berth on the first All-American by Camp, but on every other leading mythical team selec-

tion, the Fighting Irish were rated with the best of them. Layden and Miller seemed to get the honors in the backfield. Although Stuhldreher was given the first team in some cases, the diminutive field general faced some stout opposition in Pfann of Cornell, who is rated as one of the most versatile field-generals of all time.

Blott of Michigan, Lovejoy of Yale, Horrell of California, and Garbisch of the Army composed a popular coterie of All-American centers, but the Fighting Irish are firmly entrenched in their opinion that Notre Dame's great center, Adam Walsh, could give anyone of them a busy afternoon. Garbisch was the only one that Walsh had the opportunity to show against, and eastern critics, in praising Walsh's work in the Army game, readily admitted that he had out-played Garbisch, and the Army center had been playing football for five years.

This brings to mind the question as to whether or not, West Point players who have starred in college and perhaps were All-Americans, and then continued their playing days at the military school, should be considered eligible for further All-American honors. Even now, Dame Rumor has it, that Pbhann, Wilson, Robertson, and Milstead will go to the Pointers in the fall. The opinion is gaining more weight every day, that the Cadets, playing their fifth or sixth year of football should be declared ineligible for mythical honors.

ELECTION OF NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL CAPTAIN.

The Golden state of California gained a place on Notre Dame's roster of football captains when the voting members of the Irish football squad chose Adam Walsh of Hollywood to be their leader for next season.

Walsh, the blonde giant from the land of the redwoods, is Notre Dame's most versatile athlete and one of the dominant figures of the season just past. Walsh earned no little praise for his work against Garbisch, the Army center, when the Irish met the cadets last fall.

Walsh came to Notre Dame with a splendid athletic record behind him, having par-

anticipated in four major sports in Hollywood high school. After joining the ranks of the Fighting Irish, the Californian "majored" in football but also won his letter in the high hurdles in a dual meet with Wisconsin in the winter of 1923, Walsh, who has returned to the track team again this year altho dividing part of his time with basketball, gives promise of being one of Rockne's best bets in the high hurdles and a sure point winner in the field events.

Perhaps no greater tribute could be paid to Walsh than to say he is a real Notre Dame Man. Combined with his athletic record at Notre Dame, Walsh is an industrious student and a fervent Catholic. He is typical of the finest type of manhood and Notre Dame feels proud that the leadership of the 1924 football machine will be in the hands of Adam Walsh.

THE BASKETBALL SEASON.

Under the direction of the new coach, George Keogan, the Notre Dame basketball season open December 8, 1923, with a two game series against Minnesota at Minneapolis. The Irish cagers, with only four days of practice after the close of the football season, split the card with the northerners. Notre Dame lost the first game by the margin of one point and took the second encounter with a fair lead.

The Armour Institute five of Chicago journeyed to South Bend on December 15 and lost a close game to the Irish loopmen to the score of 29-17. It was the first glimpse the home fans had of the team that was to carry the Notre Dame colors through the season, and the Irish five gave an impressive exhibition of basketball that was evidence of the splendid team that Keogan was getting into shape. Crowe and Ward the only sophomores on the squad looked like sure point getters, and the veterans of last year were playing a brand of ball that differed from other seasons.

Notre Dame led by Captain Gene Mayl registered another win on December 19 when the Purple crew from Northwestern appeared here only to be let down to the tune of 29 to 26. The home five had a relatively easy time and their playing indicated a gradual improvement over the previous appearance. Team work was being

stressed to the point of perfection.

During the Christmas holidays, Coach Keogan and his players took a jaunt down into Illinois to meet the fast Illni-quintet. Here Notre Dame met her second defeat of the season out of five starts. The Irish cagers were forced to their utmost every minute of the play, but Illinois grabbed the lead and clung to it with clever basket shooting.

The first game after the reopening of school was perhaps the greatest struggle that will ever be seen on the local court. The fast Michigan cagers stacking up against the Notre Dame gve on the "Y" court in South Bend, played one of the most remarkable games that has ever been recorded here, only to lose by the margin of five points after playing two overtime periods. Score: 29-25.

Coach Keogan's aggregation was at their best that night and displayed exceptional form and team work. The basket shooting was clever and consistent, Crowe, Ward and Mahoney taking the spot light with their wonderful form and playing.

The entire game was replete with action and thrills and it was anybody's game until the final seconds of play in the second overtime period. Crowe and the brilliant Kipke, Michigan's sensational athlete, staged a battle of wits and cunning throughout the whole game and the popular decision gave the versatile Irish star the best of the argument.

The "Y" court was packed with over 1200 fans, rabid with a fighting fever and yelling mad as the game progressed and the score increased with each team alternating in the lead. Several hundred students had to be turned away because of the lack of seating or standing room.

Michigan played a clean, nice game and fought bitterly and doggedly every minute they were on the floor but they lost to a team of Fighting Irishmen that played that night as they never had played before.

After the sensational triumph of the Notre Dame quintet over the Wolverines, a little too much confidence hit the team and put the men in a slump which gave their playing a ragged appearance in the next two games, both of which Keogan's proteges managed to win by one point.

THE SCHOLASTIC

The first tilt came with the teachers from Western State Normal, Kalamazoo, on the "Y" floor at South Bend. Neither team played what would be called a very good game and Notre Dame let the visitors go out at the long end of a 11-13 score.

The Maylmen returned in the second frame and injected a little more speed into the game and soon topped the margin which the visitors set up in the previous half. As the game neared a finish Kalamazoo drew up in the scoring and it began to be a nip and tuck affair until Noble Kizer, Notre Dame's veteran sunning guard duplicated his feat of the season previous and registered the winning field goal in the final minutes of play after Kazoo had jumped into a one point lead. Notre Dame tightened her defense and broke up all further attempts of the visitors to score.

Loyola was the next to appear at Notre Dame and the team did not appear to have lost their ragged ball playing. The visitors proved to be a far more clever combination than advance dope had marked them and they gave the Irish cagers a fast run every minute of the game. It was a see-saw affair up until the final whistle with the Loyola players pushing Notre Dame hard and fast. The visitors tied with the Irish 10-10 at the half and kept neck-and-neck with their Hoosier opponents until the end, when a free throw registered by Riordan of Notre Dame, put the game on the ice as the gun sounded the finish.

Notre Dame went to Chicago for a return gamem with Loyola on January 16 and this time turned out a little better game when they beat the Chicagoans 21-16. The reversal of form was indication that Notre Dame would stand a fighting chance at least when they came home to meet the brilliant aggregation from Franklin college on Saturday, January 19.

The Baptists from downstate had been heralded as the greatest basketball team performing in the middle west and the outcome of the game with the Hoosier Catholics gave ample proof that the sport critics were anything but wrong. Franklin defeated the Irish cagers 19-12 in a fast, clever game in which the visitors had the edge all the way and were aided by Notre Dame's inability to hit the basket.

The downstaters were a clean, smooth

working combination who played the game in a fashion that marks only championship calibre. The Baptists were the masters of the floor during almost the entire struggle and Notre Dame faced an uphill climb all the way, which they were unable to make despite their exceptional courage, endurance and dogged determination to hold the visitors to a low score.

The Franklin crew jumped into an early lead and were never headed. Notre Dame finding that they were not playing the game they were capable of employed a five man defense and each player made the best of his opportunities from whatever part of the floor he happened to be. Franklin experienced no little difficulty in penetrating this air tight defense but they tested every formation known to the net game and with a lightning-like floor game and clever ball handling they tore through the Notre Dame blockade and registered their scores.

Franklin did not always have to break through the defense to score. They lived up to their reputation and exhibited to the mammoth crowd that more than packed the "Y" court that they could ring the hoop from any point of the floor. They had easily earned their title as "the best basketball quintet in the middle west."

Notre Dame played a defensive game more than half the time as the visitors were of the most elegant type of ball hawks, and a bounding leather meant that a Baptist was bound to get it. Crowe and Kizer did not have their usual basket eye and when they did shoot, it seemed as though fate had destined the Irish shots to roll around the basket rim and fall into waiting arms. Mahoney playing at one of the forward berths for the Notre Dame five was the shining light of the encounter for the Maylmen and was high point man of his team. Mahoney played a beautiful floor game, employing exceptionally effective defensive tactics. Mahoney, whose game is more suited for passing, dribbling and general floor work, proved he was not averse to making a basket occasionally and came through with the goods in elegant fashion in the Franklin game on two tries. Crowe and Kizer were carefully guarded by the opposition, and linked with the fact that they just could not sink the leather when it was needed these two stars of the Irish court

THE SCHOLASTIC

squad turned their attention more to the floor game and the breaking up the Franklin attack.

Tom Riordan at center and Captain Mayl at guard gave a good account of themselves by continuing their usually good floor game, and Mayl surprised the opposition once by taking the ball from under his own basket and dribbling to the middle of the floor from where he sunk a beautiful goal.

Vandivier and Gant, Franklin's sensational forwards were all that they were supposed to be and handled the ball with a skillfulness that was remarkable. The outstanding characteristic of the downstaters game was consistency and never once during the game did they vary from their brilliant method of play. The visitors played the game without a substitution and in giving such an impressive exhibition of basketball to the packed house that broke down doors and windows to see the famous Baptists in action, they proved that Griz Wagner, coach of the quintet, had enjoyed no little success in teaching his team the finer side of the court game.

COMAN-SCHEDULE OF FOOTBALL FOOTBALL THIS FALL.

The Notre Dame football schedule for the season of 1924, originally carded to lighten the heretofore heavy schedule was finally drawn up to be just as pretentious a program as any card of other years and safe to say, it is a little heavier than its predecessors.

Coach Rockne, director of athletics at Notre Dame, mindful of the fact that the schedule of the past two years had been so taxing from the point of view of consecutive heavy games, which to a certain extent was a factor in the losses at Nebraska, planned to limit the 1924 card to eight games.

The popularity of the Fighting Irish football machine which for several years has attracted nation-wide attention for its superior brand of football, has been in great demand on the schedule of other leading universities of the country, and as sporting experts might put it, a clash with the Irish moleskin warriors would be the final judge as to the merits and demerits of Notre Dame's opponent. The leading sport writ-

ers of the country have not displayed the least hesitance in acclaiming the Notre Dame eleven the most perfect team in the country. Thus in an effort to include one or two of the many schools that have been clamoring for a place on Rockne's schedule, the program was finally lengthened to a nine-game card.

If there had been any forebodings that Notre Dame would seek an easier schedule in 1924 to enable its team to enjoy a more successful season, but one glance at the schedule will allay all such fears, and instead will reveal to the fans that the Irish have one of the most trying schedules that will be played anywhere in 1924.

Lombard, the fighting outfit from Galesburg that played such a smart game here last fall will be the opener of the season. The champions of the little Nineteen will be just as smart as ever and will put on a first rate exhibition of football.

Wabash, will journey here from Crawfordsville, Ind., on October 11, for the second game of the season and will be the conditioner before the annual struggle with the Army on the following Saturday. The Wabash eleven has always presented a powerful lineup and has developed some great stars at the downstate school including such men as Milstead, Yale's All-American tackle of last fall.

The cadets at West Point will be waiting for Notre Dame, when the Irish appear at New York on October 18 with a team composed of several veterans and additional strength from last year's reserve. The feature of the game will undoubtedly be the fight for supremacy between the respective centers of both teams who are also the captains of their respective teams. Last fall, Adam Walsh, captain-elect of the 1924 eleven, gave a superb exhibition of football against Garbish, the captain-elect of the Pointers for the coming season.

On Saturday, October 25, one week after the Army game, the Fighting Irish will meet the Princeton Tiger in Palmer stadium. From all indications, considering the force of veterans that will return to Princeton next year, this game will outshine all the other games of the 1924 season. Coach Bill Roper and his Tiger gridders having once tasted so bitterly of the overwhelming

THE SCHOLASTIC

defeat dished out by the Hoosier eleven last fall, will be laying in wait for this phenomenal aggregation that yearly appears from out of the West, crosses swords with the pride of the East and returns with a neatly won victory.

Notre Dame will come home to meet the southern gentlemen from Georgia Tech, November 1, first in the annual Homecoming celebration and another grid classic will be recorded in Notre Dame football history.

The following Saturday, November 8, will find Notre Dame journeying to Madison to meet a comparatively new conference opponent. Wisconsin made a very formidable showing in the Big Ten race last year, and from all indications they will be a very powerful aggregation next fall.

Notre Dame will tackle Nebraska on Cartier field this year, after having played at Lincoln for the past two years where they lost both games to the Huskers. The visiting Huskers will be ready to stage the game of their lives when they appear next fall in an effort to jump into the lead on games won in the Nebraska-Notre Dame series.

November 22 will see the Irish in action on the field at the Evanston school against

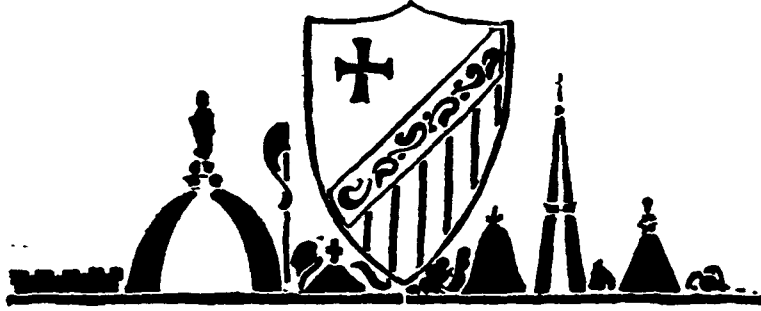
the Northwestern gridders. The last game with the Purple players was the last appearance of George Gipp in the middle west and the first student football trip.

The last game of the season will be played against Notre Dame highly respected rivals in the Smoky city. The Irish and the Skibos will clash on Saturday, November 29.

With a card like this facing the Notre Dame gridders next fall, a great deal of hard, strenuous work will be the order of the day. Coach Rockne has dropped Butler, Purdue, Kalamazoo and St. Louis this year but picked up instead Wabash, Wisconsin and Northwestern, and this trio alone will provide more serious competition than the quarter that was not included in this year's line-up.

The amount of traveling will be cut down due to the proximity of Wisconsin and Northwestern. Last year the team had the St. Louis and Nebraska trips together with the jaunts East for the game with Tech, Army and Princeton. The schedule this year will save approximately 1250 miles, and almost a week of playing days.





For the Editing of this Magazine are Responsible:

THE SCRIBBLERS

MR. JOHN BRENNAN
MR. HARRY McGUIRE
MR. EDWARD REILLY, C. S. C.
MR. JAMES HAYES
MR. JOSEPH C. RYAN
MR. DENNIS O'NEILL
MR. ROBERT RIORDAN
MR. GERALD HOLLAND.

MR. EDWIN MURPHY
MR. FRANCIS KOLARS
MR. RICHARD LIGHTFOOT
MR. RAY CUNNINGHAM
MR. JAMES WITHEY
MR. CHARLES DE BARRY
MR. THOMAS COMAN
MR. JAMES ARMSTRONG.

And the Contributors to this Issue.

